THE LAND WE LOVE.

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SKETCH OF GENERAL W. Y. SLACK, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. A. Slack, of Booneville, Missouri, has kindly furnished us with the following obituary notices of his heroic brother, Gen. W. Y. Slack, who fell in the struggle for Constitutional freedom, at the battle of Elk Horn, Missouri, on the 7th March, 1862:

From the Memphis Avalanche, May 8th, 1862.

Brigadier Gen. William Yarnel Slack, was born in Kentucky; when three years of age, his father, John Slack, emigrated to Boone county, Missouri, and settled near Columbia, where young Slack, on completing his education, studied law. When a young man, he went to Livingston county, Mo., and commenced practicing law at Chillicothe. Soon after, he married the daughter of Maj. Woodward, of Richmond, Ray county, Missouri, with whom he lived happily, until her death, which occurred in January, 1856. The issue of this marriage was six children, only two of whom are living, a daughter, and a son but seventeen years of age, who has been in the service as a private, since the commencement of the war, and who has done his duty as a soldier. On the 2nd of December, 1857, General Slack was again married to a daughter of Hon. Gustavus Bower, of Paris, Missouri, by whom he had two children; the youngest being born after the second retreat from Livingston, he was never permitted to see.

As captain of a company of cavalry, Gen. Slack served with distinction in the Mexican war, under Col. Sterling Price, who then commanded a regiment of Missourians, with as much ability, courage and success, as he now leads armies to battle and victory. At the well contested battles of Canada, Embudo and Taos, where the enemy numbered three to one, all who saw him, agree in saying that none con-

ducted themselves with greater coolness, courage and gallantry, than Capt. Slack. He remained in this service about fourteen months, having volunteered for twelve. When his country no longer needed his services, he resumed the practice of law, at Chillicothe, which he continued to pursue until he received from Gov. Jackson, the appointment of Brigadier General of the 4th Military District, when he turned his attention to the organization of troops, according to the military law of the State of Missouri.

He had mustered in but a few companies, and these far apart, at different points in the district, when eight hundred Federals were landed from the cars, on the night of the 14th of June, 1861, at Chillicothe, and he was forced to leave his home and family, to which he was destined never to return.

From this time, until his death, he was constantly in the field, using every effort and energy in the cause of Southern independence. During the fatiguing and harassing marches of the State Guard, *he was always at his post*, and shared the fare, the dangers, and the hardships of his men. He participated and contributed largely to the success of the battles of Carthage and Oak Hill; at the latter he was dangerously wounded in the hip, which, at first was thought to be mortal, but by the strict attention of Dr. Keith, his family physician, and the careful nursing of his faithful and affectionate wife, who encountered every danger and came to him, he at last recovered, and again took command of his division, the 11th of October following.

When the troops, belonging to the Missouri State Guard, were being mustered into the Confederate States service, last winter, Gen. Slack used every effort to induce the men under his command to join it, nearly all of whom took his advice, and are still in the service.

A short time before the commencement of the retreat from Springfield, Gen. Slack was appointed by Gen. Price to command the second brigade of Missouri Confederates, a body consisting of companies which had not been organized into regiments or battalions, in all about fifteen hundred men.

It was with these men and the 4th division Missouri State Guard, that Gen. Van Dorn, in his report of the battle of Elk Horn, speaks of Gen. Slack as "gallantly maintaining a continued and successful attack."

At this battle, on March the 7th, Gen. Slack was mortally wounded—the ball entering an inch above the old wound he received at Oak Hill, ranging downwards, and which, wounding *Sacral Plexus* of nerves, produced paralysis of the urinary organs, which resulted in inflammation and gangrene. He was caught by Col. Scott, his Aid-de-camp, when about to fall from his horse, and with the assistance of others carefully conveyed in an ambulance to a house in Sugar Hollow, where his wound was skilfully dressed by Dr. Austin, the division surgeon.

The next day, when the order was given to fall back, he was placed in an ambulance and conveyed to Andrew Rallet's east of the battle ground, accompanied by Col. Cravens and Dr. Keith, of the 4th division, and Sergeant Street of the 2nd brigade; here he remained until the 16th, and seemed to be doing well, when becoming apprehensive of being captured by the Federals, he desired his attendants to take him further away; they accordingly removed him seven miles further, to Moses Mills', where he rapidly grew worse, and on Thursday, March 20th, at a quarter past 3 o'clock, a. m., quietly breathed his last; the next morning he was buried eight miles east of the battle ground, by his faithful friends and companions, all of whom returned safely to the army.

When told his end was approaching, he expressed no regrets, nor gave any evidence of alarm, but calmly awaited its arrival; his request to Dr. Keith, to give his watch to his son, if he ever had an opportunity, was the only mention he made of his family or property.

None familiar with the capacities of Gen. Slack will deny that he possessed many of the combinations requisite to constitute an efficient commander of volunteers. Temperate and abstemious in his habits, impetuous, daring and courageous, yet prudent, wary and cautious, he was well calculated for skirmishing, or as leader in a charge.

But these are not the qualities which alone distinguished him. His mind was bold, clear and vigorous, and altogether practical, which, added to a sound and penetrating judgment, gave his opinions no ordinary weight in council, while his business and orderly habits enabled him to conduct with ease and accuracy, the affairs of his command. He was affable and courteous in his manners, generous and unselfish in his disposition, and kind and indulgent in his nature; his age was about 45 years. But that which most distinguished him, was his earnest devotion to the cause in which he fell. It was for this he gave up his beautiful home, its enjoyments and associations, it was for this he encountered with the fortitude of a soldier and patriot, the frost and snow of winter, and the heat and dust of summer; it was for this he endured the hardships, toils and privations of one of the longest and most active and bloodiest campaigns recorded, or to be recorded, on the pages of history; it was for this he suffered long and painfully; it was for this he looked death in the face in many shapes and forms; it was for this he died. Many others of the great and noble of our land did the same, but none endured all more patiently, suffered all more gladly, or gave up their lives more freely. And of all the offerings yet laid upon the altar of State Sovereignty and Constitutional Liberty, there is none purer or nobler than that offered by Gen. W. Y. Slack.

From the Army Argus.

We publish to-day, Maj. Gen.

Van Dorn's Report of the battle of Elk Horn:

The Report refers in handsome terms to Gen. Slack, and expresses the hope that he may recover. We are pained to announce that Gen. Slack's wound proved mortal.

He died as a brave man and a Christian, his loss is almost irreparable. It is generally conceded that Gen. Slack was the ablest of our Missouri brigadiers. He commanded a company in the Mexican war, under Gen. Price, where he rendered effective service, and won a name for coolness and daring. After the Mexican war, he resumed the practice of the law, and ranked among the foremost members of the bar.

On the occurrence of the recent hostilities between the North and South, he received from Governor Jackson, the appointment of brigadier general.

He fought gallantly at Springfield, receiving a wound which many of his friends, for a long time, thought would prove mortal. But, strange to say, he recovered, and again led his division. He was in most of the other battles fought in Missouri, and always endeared himself to his command by his bravery and great prudence.

At Elk Horn, he was wounded within an inch of the same spot in which he had been wounded at Springfield, but this time the wound proved mortal. Farewell, brave man! Your name is embalmed in the hearts of the people of Missouri, and by your courage and devotion, you have bequeathed to your children a legacy of more value than millions of gold and silver.

THE BURIAL AND RESURRECTION OF LOVE.

BY "PEARL RIVERS."

Deep, deep, deep,
Quickly so none should know,
I buried my warm love silently
Under the winter snow.

For you had coldly said,
Coldly, and carelessly:

"Bury your love, or let it live,
It is all the same to me."

I tore it out of my heart,
I crushed it within my hand;
It called to you in its agony,
For help, but you came not, and

It struggled within my grasp,
It fought with my woman's will,
And kneeled to my woman's pride with tears,
Then silent it lay and still.

I knew that it was not dead,
But I said it soon *will* die,
Buried under the winter snow
Under the winter sky.

I kissed it tenderly
Just once for the long ago,
Then shrouded it with your cold white words,
Colder than all the snow.

Deep, deep, deep,
Quickly, so none should know,
I buried my warm love silently
Under the winter snow.

I laughed when it was done,
For why should a woman cry
When love is buried? O'er its grave
Why should a woman sigh?

I thought when I turned away
Some day he may see this grave
And say—"the woman I thought so weak
How strong she was, and brave!"

Throb, throb, throb,
Under the light spring snow,
Buried long, can my love still live?
Kneeling I said, when lo!

My love looked up at me
  Straight out of daisy's eyes,
Warmed to life by the balmy air
  And the tender azure skies.

It sighed to me with the breeze
  It sang to me with the birds,
And every note was an echo sweet
  Of your olden loving words.

It smiled on me with the rose
  It murmured to me with the bee,
And came to my heart as naturally
  As comes the leaf to the tree.

And bowing my head I wept,
  Wept o'er my vision love,
And touching my harp strings sad and low,
  I told my grief to the dove.

Why should you live, poor love
  Slighted, and scorned, and sore
To trail your pain through my future life
  And poison my young heart's core?

Alas! when a woman loves
  Her strength is too small and slight
To dig a grave that is deep enough
  To bury it out of sight.

Habolochitto, Miss.

ALL ABOUT IT.

A Lecture Delivered before the Young Men of Raleigh, N. C., January, 1867.

BY GOV. Z. B. VANCE.

My kind auditory will, I trust, pardon me, should my talk prove rambling and disconnected to-night, for the sake of my theme. I promise them that it shall be one worthy of them and of the occasion; and have only to regret that the speaker is no more worthy of it, for my theme shall be of North Carolina: All about North Carolina. Of what else should the humble individual before you speak, or who has a better right? Upon whom has she more undeservedly lavished her richest honors, or who repays these obligations with a more sincere and abiding love? Who, during those ever-to-be-remembered years of alternate triumph and despair, anguish and desolation, watched her with a closer scrutiny, or obtained a clearer insight of the depth of the hidden streams of her noble nature and solid worth? Nor is it without interest for all. There are none here but will, doubtless, feel that all the topics of my discourse, whether touched with gravity, humor or sarcasm, are well deserving of their earnest attention. And particularly all those who sincerely desire the welfare of our State, and watch, prayerfully, to behold in the changes of these changeful times, that working together of all things for good, and that turning of the wrath of man into praise, wherein the wise can see the mercy and goodness of God to those who suffer.

There is a natural law which regulates the attraction and repulsion of bodies; and morally also, that the more powerful communities tend to absorb and swallow up the weaker, with whom they are in contact; and that a conquering people impress their habits, manners, laws and institutions upon the conquered.—Though it may be painful and humiliating in the extreme, it is nevertheless a fact, that we in the South are to all intents and purposes, a conquered people, since we are declared to be without rights in, and absolutely at the mercy of, the government of our conquerors. The changes, therefore, to which we are subject, in consequence of this condition, will gradually steal in upon us.

It is time we were considering them, and making up our minds as to those which we should welcome and those we should reject. I propose to look at some of them to-night. Of course, on an occasion like the present, it is proper for me to consider only such as effect us socially, leaving those greater political changes to be discussed in a different forum.—And as the exposition of no man's views is of value unless he speaks honestly and boldly, I shall do both, and only trust that any dissenting hearer may give full weight to everything which goes to rebut the presumption of malice in the speaker.

We shall then, for a brief space, speak of North Carolina, her past, present and future, her people, her society, institutions, manners; in short—"All about it" as near as may be.

Virginia to the north of us, was settled by English Cavaliers; South Carolina, mainly by French Huguenots; both among the noblest stocks of Western Europe. North Carolina, with but a slight infusion of each, was settled by a sturdier—and in some respects—a better race than either. She was emphatically the offspring of religious and political persecution, and the vital stream of her infant life, was of Scotch-Irish origin. A cross of those two noble races has produced a breed of men as renowned for great deeds and modest worth as, perhaps, any other in this world. Two instances will suffice for this. Perhaps, the most manly and glorious feat of arms in modern times, was the defence of Londonderry, as the boldest and most remarkable State paper was the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence. Both were the work, mainly, of men such as settled North Carolina. If possible, they have clung closer to the manners and opinions of their British ancestors than any other communities on the continent. The novelties of Democracy, and the wild theories of Republicanism, have made less progress, and moved more slowly, here, than in any other State. We are far more like the England of William and Mary, and Queen Anne, to-day, than is England herself, whilst both Irishisms and Scotticisms are abundant. This resemblance is traceable in many things. The landed gentlemen, their tenantry and yeomanry, the profuse hospitality of country homes, the hardy field sports and out-door diversions, personal independence, pride of family and opinion, and a hundred other things, mark unmistakably our descent. Our pronunciation among the educated classes is said to be, perhaps, more purely English than is spoken in the precincts of Saint James; whilst our laws both within themselves and in the manner of their administration, contain still more ineffaceable landmarks of the great people from whose loins we sprang. That branch of our Legislature which is the peculiar voice of the people, is with us, and with us only, still termed the "Commons"—a name pregnant with the destinies of civilization. We still whip for stealing—to the great disgust of refined and elegant thieves—crop and stand in the pillory for per-

jury, brand for bigamy and manslaughter, and hang for murder! No mawkish sympathy for crime, or maudlin philanthropy over the hard fate of a scoundrel, has yet crept into our good old English criminal code; but with halter and rod the Sheriff still stands among us, the fearful Nemesis of society, avenging her wrongs upon all evil-doers with most distressing impartiality!*

On the civil side of the docket, that most ubiquitous and immortal litigant, John Doe, continues to complain of his equally immortal colitigant, Richard Doe, "for that, whereas, retofore to wit;" and the said Richard, having, by his most unjustifiable behavior, got his loving friend, the tenant in possession, into a scrape, continues still, as in the days of *Sergeant Rolle* quietly to back down, like some fiery war men of the present age, and leave his peaceable neighbor to fight it out "to the last man"—or at least "to the last dollar." Were my Lord Coke to arise from his grave now, and search for his glorious common law, "ever approved by these two faithful witnesses, authority and reason," he would find it flourishing, perhaps, brightest and and purest in that very strange and far off land first visited by the ships, and planted by the colonies, of that splendid genius whose untimely and unjust death damns with an adhering infamy his own claims to the highest place in the temple of English law.

These characteristics, fed and supported by the system of African slavery, served for more than a century to divide the Conservative from the Puritan elements in American society. Nor would there soon have been any change in the peculiar customs and mannerisms of our people, had not the rude shock of war tumbled down this great middle wall of partition, which separated us from the saints.

Perhaps, one of the most marked of the changes which we may expect, is one that will soon be apparent on the face of our country society. The abolition of slavery will do wonders here. It puts an end to the reign of those lordly, landed proprietors, planters and farmers, who constituted so striking and so pleasant a feature in our rural population. No longer the masters of hundreds of slaves wherewith to cultivate their thousands of acres, the general cheapness of lands in the South will prevent their forming around them a system of dependent tenantry, since every industrious man will be able to plough his own farm. They will, therefore, gradually sell off their paternal acres, no longer within the scope of prudent management, and seek homes in the towns and villages, or contract their establishments to their means and altered condition. Agriculture will then pass gradually into the hands of small farmers, and the great farms will, forever, disappear. In all this there is much good to be seen.

* The loyal Fetich have altered all this, from prudential considerations for themselves and friends.

An improved system of cultivation, an enlarged quantity and quality of production, greatly enhanced value of real estate, and a rapid increase of the aggregate public wealth will most assuredly be the result. But even this change will not be one of unmixed benefit, nor will it be viewed by all—your humble speaker for one at least—without emotions of regret. I can scarcely imagine it possible for any one to view the steady disappearance of the race of Southern country gentlemen, without genuine sorrow. They are not the peers of the stupid beef-eating English Squire, renowned in British history and in comedy, for loyalty to the King, ignorance, prejudice and drunkenness: not the Westerns and Hardcastles, but the high-toned, educated, chivalrous, intelligent and hospitable Southern gentlemen, of whom each one who hears me, has at least a dozen in his mind's eye, in Virginia and the Carolinas. Whose broad fields were cultivated by their own faithful and devoted slaves, whose rudely splendid mansions stand where their fathers reared them, among the oaks and the pines which greeted the canoe of John Smith, welcomed the ships of Raleigh, and sheltered the wild cavaliers of De Soto; whose hall doors stood wide open, and were never shut except against a retreating guest; whose cellar and table abounded with the richest products of the richest lands in the world, and whose hospitality was yet unstained by unrefined excess; whose parlors and firesides were adorned by a courtly female grace which might vie with any that ever lighted and blessed the home of man; whose hands were taught from infancy to fly open to every generous and charitable appeal, and whose minds were enured to all self-respect and toleration, and whose strong brains were sudden death to humbuggery, all the isms, and the whole family of mean and pestilential fanaticism. Can you see these strong men, so armed at all points for the common good, holding all their wealth as hostages for the public peace, torn from their ancestral seats, and swept away in the current of *progress*, without feeling the whole edifice of good government reel beneath our feet like a drunken man? I confess to my honest conviction, that when this sturdy dynasty of democratic kings shall be overthrown, that the cause of virtue in society and of Constitutional liberty in politics, will each have lost a stalwart *right arm*, which will, I fear, be but poorly supplied in the class which may succeed them! Peace to the memory of the Southern country gentlemen! To them were we indebted for the foundation of our once free government, and for its preservation against the assaults of democratic anarchy for more than three-fourths of a century!

An immediate consequence of this disturbance in our country society will be a tendency—already perceptible—of our population towards towns and villages. It has been a matter of remark, and with some, of congratulation heretofore, that having fewer and smaller cities and towns, we had

also, the most law-abiding and virtuous population in the United States. The census returns, to a great extent, sustained this assertion; but the obverse showed a considerable deficiency in national wealth. We may now look for a rapid increase in the population of our towns and cities; real estate there, will far out-grow in value, that of the country; vice, crime and pauperism will grow with them as manufactures and wealth increase. With the good we must also take the evil; the tares must needs come with the wheat. With new kinds of machinery, will come new kinds of rascality; with new kinds of industry and means of wealth, will come a new species of robbery, entirely strange to our *honest old-fashioned* thieves; and with *progress* in the arts and sciences, will come, also, a fantastic variety of philanthropy, religion, politics and morals, alike wondrous and edifying; of which, more hereafter.

There is also a great change at hand for the negro, a taste of which he is already enjoying. This great problem is about reaching its final solution. The fate of the African slave in the Southern States is at last about to be sealed, for good or for evil. His real, or imagined woes having so long moved the cheap tears of Christendom, and his hard lot having engaged the Jellabys of two centuries, and formed the burden of the press, the rostrum and the pulpit, to the shame and perversion of each, through politicians without statesmanship, and preachers without religion; *now*, that a great country has been drenched in fraternal blood, one-half of it buried in the ashes of its own desolation and strewn with graves and bleaching bones of slaughtered men, and that fires of hatred have been kindled that years of peace and good will shall scarce be able to smother—all for his sake—how is *he* to be affected by this great, blood-bought change? Has the result been adequate to the cost? Or *will* it be? Have the cruel wheels of this blessed philanthropy, dragging axle-deep in a heroic nation's blood, spared *him* for whose sake they were mainly set in motion? Alas, alas! A wise Humanity already weeps at the crimes committed in her name! And over the dead carcasses of these simple, and—so lately—happy children of bondage, and the ragged and perishing survivors, pompously called, "Freedmen," she is ready to exclaim, "Oh, Freedom, there is no curse like unto thine, when thou art forced upon men whose souls are not educated to receive thee!"

What was the negro before the war? A simple, happy and affectionate bondsman. What is he now? Fast merging into a ragged, starving, dangerous vagabond. What will he be? In time—and that time is not long—*nothing;* non-existent, an extinct race, over whose untimely perishing the good of all the earth will mourn, and from whose sad story the philosophic historian will point a maxim, and illustrate that godly philanthropy which propagates its heavenly tenets by fire and sword! Though from the

earliest times recorded in history, to this day, the negro has been in close contact with every prominent civilization, I imagine it will not be denied, but that his development, as a Southern slave, far exceeds that of any other condition. There was no laboring class on earth with which his condition would not compare advantageously, physically and morally. Who that has ever enjoyed the pleasure of our Southern homes, has not been convinced of this? Or who that knew him as a contented, well-treated slave, did not learn to love and admire the negro character? For one, I confess to almost an enthusiasm on the subject. The cheerful ring of their songs at their daily tasks, their love for their masters and their families, their politeness and good manners, their easily bought, but sincere gratitude, their deep-seated aristocracy—for your genuine negro was a terrible aristocrat,—their pride in their own, and their master's dignity, together with their over-flowing and never-failing animal spirits, both during hours of labor and leisure, altogether, made up an aggregation of joyous simplicity and fidelity—when not perverted by harsh treatment—that to me was irresistible! A remembrance of the seasons spent among them will perish only with life. From the time of the ingathering of the crops, until after the ushering in of the new year, was wont to be with them a season of greater joy and festivity than with any other people on earth, of whom it has been my lot to hear. In the glorious November nights of our benefi-

cent clime, after the first frosts had given a bracing sharpness and a ringing clearness to the air, and lent that transparent blue to the heavens through which the stars gleam like globes of sapphire, when I have seen a hundred or more of them around the swelling piles of corn, and heard their tuneful voices ringing with the chorus of some wild refrain, I have thought I would rather, far, listen to them than to any music ever sang to mortal ears; for it was the outpouring of the hearts of happy and contented men, rejoicing over that abundance which rewarded the labor of the closing year! And the listening, too, has many a time and oft, filled my bosom with emotions, and opened my heart with charity and love toward this subject and dependent race, such as no oratory, no rhetoric or minstrelsy in all this wide earth could impart! Nature ceased almost to feel fatigue in the joyous scenes which followed. The fiddle and the banjo, animated as it would seem like living things, literally knew no rest, night or day; whilst Terpsichore covered her face in absolute despair in the presence of that famous *double-shuffle* with which the long nights and "master's shoes" were worn away together! Amid all these teeming associations, connected with the abolished system, there come also a thousand memories of childhood's experience, differing in my individual case, I will venture to say, scarcely an hair's breadth from that of scores who listen to me to-night. I can see now, through memory's

faithful mirror, the boy who first taught me to twist a rabbit from a hollow tree, with whom I have had many a boyish struggle, and for whom I have many a time, and oft, robbed the pantry of its choicest treasures! Who can forget the cook by whom his youthful appetite was fed? The fussy, consequential old lady to whom I now refer, has often, during my vagrant inroads into her rightful domains, boxed my infant jaws with an imperious, "Bress de Lord, git out of de way; dat chile never kin get enuff," and as often relenting at sight of my hungry tears, has fairly bribed me into her love again with the very choicest bits of the savory messes of her art. She was haughty as Juno, and aristocratic as though her naked ancestors had come over with the conqueror, or "drawn a good bow at Hastings," instead of having been purchased by deacon Tribulation Smallsoul from Cape Cod, for forty gallons of New England rum, per head, whilst roasting charcoal babies for dinner; and yet her pride invariably melted at the sight of certain surreptitious quantities of tobacco, with which I made my court to this high priestess of the region, sacred to the stomach. And there too, plainest of all, I can see the fat and chubby form of my dear old nurse, whose encircling arms of love, fondled and supported me from the time whereof the memory of this man runneth not to the contrary. All the strong love of her simple and faithful nature seemed bestowed on her mistress' children, which she was not permitted to give to her own, long, long ago, left behind, and dead in 'ole Varginney!' Oh! the wonderful and the touching stories of them and a hundred other things which she has poured into my infant ears! How well do I remember the marvelous story of the manner in which she obtained religion, of her many and sore conflicts with the powers of darkness and of her first dawning hopes in that blessed gospel whose richest glory is, that it is preached to the poor, such as she was! From her lips, too, I heard my first ghost story! Think of that! None of your feeble, make-believes of a ghost story either, carrying infidelity on its face; but a real bona-fide narrative, witnessed by herself, and told with the earnestness of truth itself. How my knees smote together, and my hair stood on end, "so-called"—as I stared and startled, and declared again and again with quite a sickly manhood indeed, *that I wasn't scared a bit!* Perhaps, the proudest day of my boyhood was when I was able to present her with a large and flaming red cotton handkerchief, wherewith, in turban style she adorned her head. And my satisfaction was complete when my profound erudition enabled me to read for her on Sabbath afternoons, that most wonderful of all stories, The Pilgrim's Progress. Nor was it uninstructive, or a slight tribute to the genius of the immortal tinker—could I but have appreciated it—to observe the varied emotions excited within her breast, by the recital of those fearful conflicts by

the way, and of the unspeakable glories of the celestial City, within whose portals of pearl, I trust her faithful soul has long since entered!

Nor must the old uncle be forgotten; the trusted and consequential right-hand man of the household, first lieutenant or sergeant major of the whole establishment at the least. Though hard and high, uncompromising in all things, and especially as to the family dignity, of whom all urchins, both white and black, stood in wholesome awe, I shall never cease thinking of him with genuine respect. With him too is connected a problem in morals that was wont to puzzle much my juvenile logic, and I have not until this day been able to make it out quite right, that certain urchins at and in the county aforesaid, with force and arms, not having the fear of the rod before their eyes, but being thereunto moved and seduced by the cravings of juvenile appetite, did, &c., &c., &c., certain water-melons of him, the said "uncle," &c., &c., &c.

With these associations, so well calculated to make their former masters the fast friends of their late servants, come some also of a darker and less pleasing hue.—There *were* cases of harsh and cruel treatment of these simple minded people. Truthful men have often blushed at but never denied the fact, that mean and tyrannical masters now and then outraged humanity and furnished our enemies with occasion of offence against us all. But no community ever has been or ever will be free from that despicable class of men who abuse the trust which God and society have reposed in them, by ill-treating those who are necessarily subject to and dependent upon them. But, on the whole, history *must say* that our rule was a mild one, that our slaves loved us and were happy, and that is the end of the controversy. They have themselves furnished, unconsciously, proof which will amply satisfy the impartial of the truth of this, in the faithfulness with which they served us, and the loving care which they took of our helpless families during the long years of war, and in the sound of that conflict which they knew was waging for their deliverance.

Having referred to what his condition was, let us glance briefly to what it is now. The real genuine negro, such as I have tried to sketch, has disappeared. We have some colored freedmen here but not any negroes. His joy and simplicity have departed. The ringing song of his daily work no longer awakens the echoes of his native plains; the boisterous laugh is hushed; the fiddle, without strings, hangs in silence on the cabin wall; the voice of the inspiring banjo is heard no more, and the ever famous dance—the double-shuffle—is about to be numbered with the lost arts. Forsaking the old plantation, he wanders over the country, living upon freedom, crowding into filthy hovels, feeding upon insufficient food, diseased, hungry, and in rags, without that prudent foresight which characterizes most of the animals, he is dying and passing away with a

rapidity that is shocking to humanity. His whole condition now thunders the *lie* to all the denunciations which religious fanaticism and political juggling have so long heaped upon their former masters, in tones so loud that all the world must know, when too late, upon whom is the blame for the perishing of a whole people!

And worse than all, as if mischief enough has not been already done, special pains are taken to sow the seeds of hatred between the races, and to make the negro believe that his old master, because he resisted emancipation, is his natural enemy! Notwithstanding all these associations to which I have referred, and which bind every good-feeling man in the country to his former slaves with love and charity, there are men who thrust us aside, claiming to know more of the negro's nature and capacities, and to be animated with greater zeal for his welfare than we! May God forgive all such, for their second sin is like to be greater than the first! For, having torn him by violence, and against his wish, from a state of mild and humane servitude, where his physical and moral condition was superior to that which ever befell him since the curse of Ham, and placed him in the high road to extinction, beneath the tread of a dominant race; should they also succeed in destroying that ancient love between master and slave, and filling the heart of one with bitterness, and the other with jealous fear, and inaugurating a war of races, then no man can mistake the doom of the weaker. Oh, woeful times! May God preserve us from them!

I believe it is generally conceded that, so far, the emancipation of the negro has made his condition worse, but it is not in the course of human nature to repair an error by acknowledging it and turning back from the path that led to it. The course is to devise another remedy, still deeper in the erroneous direction. As the scorn of the world begins to gather around those who waded through the blood and ashes of a noble country and over the prostrate columns of constitutional liberty, to create four million vagabonds, they endeavor to stay that world's judgment by a strange remedy. Seeing that the negro is utterly unable to endure the freedom of his own labor and locomotion, they propose to give him the oversight of the freedom of others! Since his absolute incapacity to take care of his few bodily wants has been conclusively shown, it is solemnly proposed to give him charge of a great Republic.—Since he has failed to exhibit the sagacity and industry of an animal in providing against the commonest wants, the irresistible conclusion—*the logical ergo*—is, that he is fully competent to solve that greatest of all problems which has vexed the genius of man—*self-government!!!* This process much resembles that by which a logican would undertake to derive shoepegs from the rings of Saturn. To illustrate, if illustration can render more absurd such an utter absurdity—if a negro is found unable to drive one mule in a cart, the remedy is to give him, imme-

diately, the reins of a coach and six, wherein is all the family and crockery!!

Such is negro suffrage, the supporting idea of which is, of course, negro equality, social and political.

Now, hereupon, I beg leave to remark that I don't feel as much shocked at this asserted equality of the races as some people seem to be. I recognize in it, on the contrary, a considerable infusion of that which, that immortal philosopher Square, termed "the eternal fitness of things;" subject to a modification. One Mr. Josh Billings, a gentleman who has managed to get off much sententious philosophy, in very bad English indeed, once said in reply to the question, did he believe in the final salvation of men, "Yes, but let me pick the men." So, if allowed to pick the men, I shall announce myself as a believer in the equality of whites and blacks; and my selection should not overlook the merits of those who preach the doctrine. Thus, when I hear a man assert that a negro is *his* equal, I take it for granted, sure enough *that he is.* For, although, to all outward seeming, he might be a little better than a half-reclaimed savage, yet, as he must, of necessity, know his own meanness better than I can, I take his word for it readily. The only danger is of doing the negro injustice by the comparison. For to my seeming, that soul, however lowly, that looks up and strives to get *higher*, is infinitely superior to that which, however high, looks down and strives to get lower! The process of going down hill is both easy and inglorious. A brick-bat can do that much. Be all this as it may, I trust that the good people of the South will strive earnestly to keep friends with the negro, under all the changes which may be forced upon both. He served us well and faithfully, and left us not of his own accord. Let us, in all things which are best for both, requite this service. As he must remain our neighbor, let us give him, if permitted, a home, wages, education, morality and religion.

And now as the negro will not leave us, let us for a moment leave him. Suffrage for him is a step toward that great *progress* which is to renovate the South; and although it is amusing to watch the effort to prove the perfect equality of the wild ass of Assyria and the war horse of Job, let us leave the namesakes—wild and domestic—to reconcile the incongruities which God has placed between his laws and the theories of men, whilst we look at some other changes about to come upon our beloved land.

Having noticed the alteration, perfected and prospective, in our country society, towns and villages, and in our system of labor, we may contemplate a serious change in our clergymen and our system of theology. There will be a great pressure here, for in the opinion of our Northern friends, the reforming hand of *Progress* is badly needed among the dry bones of Southern religionists. It is certainly a matter of reproach that our preachers are fully as old-fashioned as their theology, and a *progressive* clergy-

man of the new faith, whilst beholding their sincere efforts to save sinners, might say of them as it is reported that Senator Hale of New Hampshire once said of Giddings when the latter introduced a bill in the House looking to a practical abolition of slavery: "The cussed old fool! he thinks we are in earnest!" Surely, no reasonable man could now think that a system of religion and morals which answered for Moses and the miserable secessionists who left Egypt with him, would do for the improved and revised saints of the present day and of this great Republic! Certainly not!—Moses was a slaveholder, up to his eyes in the "sum of all villainy," and sanctioned iniquity by a law, wherein he laid down rules and regulations for the government of these slaves bought with his money! What did *he* know about religion by the side of the modern saints whose grandfathers made their fortunes in the horrors of the "middle passage?" Neither he nor any of the motley crowd which followed him ever dreamed of the steam engine, lucifer matches, the Atlantic cable or the Howard Amendment! And yet our deluded preachers cite *him* as authority in morals! All his crude and ignorant notions have long since been superseded—except polygamy, indeed, which, under the fostering care of the Government, is doing smartly—and it should not be expected that a religion laid down under such circumstances by such a people could stand in the blaze of light which streams over the land from the saintly theology of John Brown and Lucy Stone! Nor, in the estimation of the progressive theologians, does the church of the new dispensation much improve upon the old, since it abolishes polygamy which they loved, and failed to rebuke slavery which they hated; and since Christ, its divine head, declared that the kingdom which he founded was not of this world. As He therefore failed to rebuke the greatest sin known to man, slavery, and disconnected his church from politics and the things of this world, in their estimation his mission was but half fulfilled after all.—Progressive theology has therefore supplied the mission, and has kindly added such conditions as render the salvation of the sinner—*or at least the success of the party*—more secure. In addition to the old tests it is now necessary to swear to the sinfulness of slavery and the divine right of *our government* (for this principle is local) to do precisely whatever it pleases. *Now*, it is necessary to preach a kingdom of this world, (or a lower one,) politics, literature, and the family of isms—anything, in short, but the plain, old-fashioned bread of life to perishing sinners—*Christ and him crucified!* The great Apostle Paul, with a soul rejoicing in the enlarged and universal salvation of his Master, thrusting the sickle of his mighty genius into the whitening harvest of a world, preached of righteousness, temperance and a judgment to come: his more pretentious and enlightened followers confine their savory ministrations to rebellion, confiscation and

negro suffrage! Jesus Christ taught servants to be obedient unto their masters; these improved moralists teach them to cut their masters' throats! Abhorrence of rebellion against the government—for any cause whatever—*whilst they hold the reins*,—and a firm adherence to the doctrine of passive obedience is now declared to be the only road to heaven—at least by way of Richmond and New Orleans! One hundred and eighty years ago, English cavaliers were shamed out of this base doctrine by the Puritans and were forced to join them in hurling a tyrant from his throne; now the Puritans, with fire and sword, preach damnation to all who resist the powers that be—which *powers they now are!* Circumstances alter cases. [See Farmer vs. Lawyer, Webster's Spelling Book; The Colonies vs. King George III.; Jefferson's Reports, 4th July, '76; United States vs. Hartford Convention; Salmon P. Chase on the relation of the Ohio Legislature vs. The Fugitive Slave Law and various other cases familiar to the profession!] A drunken wag in the mountains of North Carolina once resolved himself into a political meeting to consider the state of the country, and as President, Secretary and Chairman of the committee reported and adopted unanimously quite a series of resolutions, two of which bear upon the subject before us, and were as follows: "*Resolved*, That in a general way there is a good deal of human nature in mankind. *Resolved*, That we don't care what in the thunder happens *provided it don't happen to us!*" That which was perfectly right in 1688 and in 1776 has a perfect *right* to be wrong in 1861, provided the *pressure is changed!* of course! Though Nero was a great scoundrel for two hundred years or more, whilst Nero was on the other side, it is gratifying to know that an enlightened clergy have preached him into quite a respectable old gentleman.—Some in fact prefer him to Washington, but I can't say that my prejudices extend quite so far. After all, Nero's respectability depends much on the side he happens to take in politics. And herein, of obedience to Nero from the pulpit, and of those who preach such doctrine, let an anecdote give my opinion. In obedience to that spirit of mischief which induced our soldiers to "jaw" every stranger out of uniform (and many in it) whom they met, a saucy private once bawled out to a rather daintily dressed stranger passing by, who chanced to be a chaplain, "Halloo, Mister, what army do you belong to?"—"To the army of the Lord," rather sanctimoniously said the chaplain; whereupon the soldier responds, "Well then, old hoss, you'd better spur up, for you're a darned long ways from your headquarters."

Will our pulpit be able to resist such changes as these, the most ruinous and dangerous of all? As teachers not only of a pure and undefiled religion, but of manners and morals, and principally the disseminators of general education throughout our great land, will this vast band of guard-

ians of our civilization give way before the erroneous, but bolder and more energetic teachings of their Northern brethren? Much of their energy, their industry, their thrift, their means of wealth and such characteristics wherein they are our confessed superiors, we should gladly seek to learn; but may God preserve us from their peculiar religious civilization! May our pious clergy resist to the last extremity—and only death is that last extremity—the introduction here of their political preaching; their Millerism, Mormonism, Spiritualism, Free-love-ism, Miscegenation, Materialism, and Radicalism, with all the thousand and one morbid sentimentalities and false teachings which mark, lamentably, the decay of public virtue and evangelical religion! And though this tide has begun to roll in, and some even of the weaker sort among ourselves have begun to yield, may the angel of the Lord, repenting Him of the evils we have suffered, yet show us the threshing floor of another Ornan, the Jebusite, at which the pestilence may be stayed, ere it destroy our Israel, though we should sacrifice all the oxen of our wealth!

When religion becomes corrupt, referring principally to the things of this world—requiring even allegiance to a party, as a test of orthodoxy, the road to national and social ruin is short and easy. For I am convinced that even the wisest statesmen err, in understanding the part which learned and pious clergymen bear in the government and civilization of the world. A comparison of the worldly great, with the successful teachers of Christianity will illustrate my meaning. Cæsar and Cicero are known to scholars.—Luther and Wesley are known to, *and govern*, all classes and conditions of men. Shakspeare is read and admired by millions of men; but John Bunyan is loved and admired by hundreds of millions of human souls! The sublime song of the Paradise Lost even may perish, and the Elegy in a country church-yard be forgotten; but the North star ceasing to guide the pilots of the sea, shall, following in the track of the constellation of the Cross, disappear from the gaze of men beyond the everlasting ices of the Pole, and the Bedouin of the desert shall halt his camels upon the disintegrated dust of the loftiest Pyramid, ere little children in every part of the wide earth shall cease to repeat, before going to rest, that simple prayer of some forgotten Christian poet, "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

These dangerous influences which threaten to overwhelm our clergymen, are but old forms of human vice; old foes in new faces. As Sir Edward Coke observes of copy-hold tenures, though they come of a mean house they are yet of a very ancient descent.—Most of them are of unmistakably Puritan origin, and the ancestors of Puritanism were distinguished even so long ago as the sojourn of our Saviour on earth, when they were represented as giving alms to the sound of the trumpet, as making long prayers in the market places, and the motto on their

coat of arms was "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other people!" Let us resist this change with our united power, and pray that our clergymen may adhere—even through martyrdom if need be—to their old-fashioned religion.

We shall be pressed, too, to change the manner of bringing up our children if we would become rich and great like our conquerors. In addition to the catechism and a love for the cardinal virtues and proprieties generally, we have heretofore endeavored to teach our children unselfishness, liberality, and what the Irish call "the open hand." This is a great mistake, *progressively* speaking. Too strict a reverence for all the members of the "noble family of Truth," unfits the mind of the boy for the sharp substitutes and ingenious devices, which are the life of individual and national wealth. He must be made to read the sublime apothegms of that light of the eighteenth century, B. Franklin, and his juvenile heart must be fired—*or precipitated*, by the studies of the wise glories of such immortal utterances as "Time is money," "Money saved is money made," "Take care of the dimes and the dollars will take care of themselves," "He that would thrive must rise at five," "He that hath thriven may lie till seven," "A stitch in time saves nine," with much other wondrous philosophy of like nature. The boy must be taught that the chief end of man is—to make money! and the greatest sin (next to slaveholding) is to enjoy it! He must be taught not to fox-hunt because, on a calculation of the time, that the men, the horses and dogs occupy in catching it, 'tis cheaper to buy the skin ready caught! Bird shooting must be abjured for a similar reason, and an old horse or an old dog must be killed immediately to save forage! His infant lips must be made to lisp the price of onions, and his nostrils made to delight in and revere the smell of codfish, if you would have him become a great and glorious pillar of the State!

In connection herewith, we are *upon the skirts* of another great change, in the habits and manners of the mothers of these children. In the new state of progress into which we are like to enter, under Jacobin auspices, we shall, doubtless, incur the risk of having some *strong-minded women!* Perhaps this term does not sufficiently convey our meaning. The *intellects* of our women are sufficiently strong—in the right direction—already. We mean, simply, those women who, dropping the characteristics of their own sex, are constantly raiding into the dominions of the other—for the purpose, it would seem—of *capturing pantaloons!* Like a forlorn hope, they are constantly trying to *storm and carry the breeches.* They are women compounded—not to say confounded—English grog-fashion, "'alf and 'alf," who, somehow or another have got mixed up, strangely enough, with the progress and peculiar civilization of our enterprising brethren of the North. A school-boy who prayed that tomorrow, "it might rain just a leetle too hard to go to school and

not quite hard enough to prevent going a fishin'" hit upon a distinction that eminently applies to these *fungi* of a superior mental culture, since any one of them might be described as a little too much of a woman to be a man, and a little too much of a man to be a woman! What useful purpose in social or political economy, these *amphibia* serve, I really cannot see; but some how they are either cause or effect of wealth and greatness, and I warn my unfortunate male friends to look for them as we *progress!* A colporteur traveling once upon one of our noble Southern rivers, stepped ashore, when the boat stopped at a wharf where there had been great excitement about the small pox. Everybody fled as the boat drew near, except one old woman, and thinking to distribute more books, he approached her and said, "my good woman have you the scriptures about here?" "Not gist yet, thank the Lord," was the reply, "but the way they've got it down to Norfolk is a sin!" So, we have not this social pestilence amongst us yet, but the way they have it up North, is terrible, and it will spread this way if we are not careful. The preventive is alone in the hands of our blessed countrywomen. We can only beg and implore them to resist the temptation, and by all the glorious associations of the most noble womanhood the world ever saw, to drive back this most odious, vicious and contemptible innovation; and to preserve for their sake and ours, the modesty and purity of their mothers. In this case, boasted man cannot help; he can only grasp his pantaloons and pray! We can innoculate against small-pox, we can clean up our streets and fumigate against the yellow-fever; we can even diet ourselves against cholera, but there is no relief in the ingenuity of man against the tide of strong-minded womanism which threatens us! The only possible alleviation ever yet discovered—and which I cordially recommend to all single males present to-night—is to marry as quick as possible, and then it may take you only in varioloid form!

Thus I have glanced—and scarcely glanced—at a few of the prominent changes likely to be impressed upon our people as a result of the Great Revolution in which we have fought and lost. A hundred others might be noticed, if time permitted. Change is all around us, and pervades the atmosphere. As our cities grow, our literature will improve, for somehow great cities are favorable to the culture and development, though not to the birth, of genius. But as it improves, it will not purify, especially our newspaper literature. History, poetry, fiction, will intermingle with fulsome biography and miscellaneous criticism; whilst Pill advertisements, Radway's Ready Relief and the Fragrant Sozodont will attain their maximum glory and struggle for the mastery. Even our pronunciation will change, more or less, with our style, as may be already seen in the strange accentuation given to many familiar objects, so as almost to disguise them from

us. For instance our Capital city is known as *Raw-la*, without the 'click' by which it was wont to be known to both citizens and politicians; the most lively and ambitious little city in the interior of the State, is called *Shar-lott;* whilst that goodly city which commands so pleasing a prospect over the mingling floods of the Neuse and the Trent—ignoring its famed mother—that glorious home of liberty and nursling of the Alps—has become simply *Nubburn!*

Dear, native land! All these things and many more are to come upon thy children, sweeping away the land-marks of our early love, and many of the simple and happy ways which our fathers taught us, so that we shall enjoy them no more forever! Her very faults are endeared to us, and her short-comings even awaken the liveliest emotions in the bosoms of all who love her well. With the captive of Chillon, I can say:

"To such a long communion tends,
My very chains and I grew friends,
To make us what we are. Even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh!"

During all the sad years that tried the souls of men I was a close observer, and participated in all that concerned the State of North Carolina, and I say, with truth, that not only am I proud of the glorious manner in which she came through the fiery ordeal but that even my opinion of the nobility of human nature has been improved. Time will not permit me to speak now—as it should be spoken—of the many claims of her people to the respect and confidence of the world. Other and abler hands must do that. I will therefore close this sketch by relating two or three incidents—and those not the most striking—of the hundreds I could relate illustrating the true nobleness of her people, and the gallantry and steadfastness of her soldiers during the late war.

One cold and frosty December morning, a poor but neatly clad woman stepped timidly into the Executive chamber whilst I was its occupant, leading a ragged and barefoot boy. With many tears she told her story and his; she was a widow with five little children, this, her eldest and only support, was but 17 years old, had been in the army since he was 15, had served honorably those two years and bore the manly scars of battle upon his body, but in an evil hour had deserted. Then when he got home, hungry and almost naked, she had kept him only long enough to make him one shirt, to hide his nakedness, and had then started immediately to Raleigh—a distance of sixty miles—to deliver him to me. I asked her if she knew that the punishment for desertion was death. She said she did, but she wanted him to do his duty to his country be the consequences what they might, and begged me to send him to his regiment and write to General Lee to be merciful! Knowing thus all the possible consequences, this brave and noble widow yet brought forward her first born—the Isaac of her hopes—and gave him to her country, either to perish in the ranks of its defenders or

to die the ignominious death of a felon, as that country might think best! Think of that, oh ye rich and mighty dames and matrons who boast of giving your jewels, and even your children to die noble deaths! and say within your hearts did not this poor widow's offering exceed all of yours? Suffice it to say that the boy was not punished.

Again: in passing through the mountains once, some soldiers stopped at an humble cabin and asked for something to eat. (By the way, what soldier ever did pass a house without asking for something to eat? or that, hadn't had a bite in three days?) The poor woman, who was its proprietor, kindly invited them in, and began to tell them her distresses and how she had been treated. That she had been a widow pretty well to do, and her three grown boys had been in the army ever since the war begun, that as the scene of war came nearer and nearer to her, the soldiers began to pass by and consume her substance.—First, they had destroyed all her provender, then her chickens, turkeys, ducks and geese, then all her hogs, then her cattle, and lastly, they had killed and eaten before her eyes, her last milk cow, and had otherwise preyed upon her, until, said she, "I've got nothing in this world for you to eat, boys, except that one little piece of bacon you see hanging up there!" As she rose up to prepare even it for them, they began to feel somewhat ashamed—a rather uncommon virtue with a hungry soldier—declared they would not intrude on a woman who had suffered so, and got up to go. "No," said she, as she sharpened her knife on the bricks of the chimney jam and gave it a murderous flourish at the piece of bacon, "you just sit still; it's all right; as like as any way my three boys have helped to eat up your mammy's old cow, or some body else's; so I'll divide!" And she did divide; and if the territory of the late Confederate States had only been as big as that old woman's heart, Sherman's great army would have perished of sheer old age before it had finished its march to the sea!

During the last fatal retreat from the blood-stained ramparts of Richmond and Petersburg, to the memorable spot which witnessed the final scenes of that once splendid army of Northern Virginia, everything of course was in the utmost confusion. The old campaigners in the ranks knew quite as well as their officers that the war was over and whilst those who kept their ranks fought with but little heart, or straggled carelessly and hopelessly along, thousands deliberately walked off to their homes. With lessening rations and forage, and a routed and melting army whose demoralization was increasing every moment, it became every hour more and more difficult to check the flushed and swarming enemy sufficiently, to save the trains upon which all depended. It had become truly a rout,

> "With many a weary league to go
> With every now and then a blow
> And ten to one at least, the foe,"

When on one occasion, a spot

having been chosen for a stand, some artillery placed in position and Gen. Lee, sitting his horse on a commanding knoll, sent his staff and all about him to rally the stragglers behind a certain line and beg them to give one more fire and hold the enemy at bay, until the slowly struggling trains could be got forward out of the way. Mournfully he beholds his once splendid warriors, broken and scattered, come straggling loosely along—saddest of sights to a soldier's eye—by twos and threes, here a squad, there the remnant of a company, parts of regiments, brigades and divisions, without drums or colors, mixed in hopeless, careless, and inextricable confusion, and rallying but slowly and unwillingly on the appointed line. But presently the roll of a drum is heard, a pennon flashes in the sunlight, the head of an orderly column comes into view, then emerges a small but entire brigade,

> "Alas how few!
> Since but the fleeting of a day
> Had thinned it! But the wreck was true,

and with arms at will, with martial tread and serried ranks, its commander at its head, and every living subaltern at his post, it comes, files promptly to the left along its appointed position; the sharp commands, "halt, front, dress" ring upon the air, and they are ready once more for the deadly and hopeless struggle! A smile of momentary joy plays over the distressed features of that illustrious chieftain, he calls out to an Aid, "what troops are those?" "Coxe's North Carolina brigade" was the reply.—Then it was that, taking off his hat and bowing his head with the goodly courtesy and kindly feeling of a gentleman, which are so pleasant to see in misfortune, he said, "May God bless gallant old North Carolina!"

Not long since, I was invited to deliver an address at Winchester, Virginia, on the occasion of consecrating the Stonewall Cemetery there, filled as it is with Confederate dead, gathered up from the battle-fields of the valley, by the loving patriotism of that people. The reason given for selecting me, was because the North Carolina dead far exceeded those from Virginia herself or any other State represented there! So it is on all the battle-fields from Charleston to Gettysburg; and so it is likewise among all the rude and untended graves around the Northern prisons.

Considering all that is commendable in the character of our people, as illustrated by their bearing in adversity as well as in prosperity, and these changes to which she is subject, my object has been to urge you to be cautious in choosing those things which we should welcome and those we should reject. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."

We know that our institutions and customs have been favorable to the formation of a people endowed with the noblest characteristics of fallen human nature. Let us be sure, whatever we do, that we barter nothing of this for wealth and power.

There is very much that we can learn from the people of the North, and I hope, sincerely, that we shall not be ashamed to learn it. Their physical energy, their inventive and mechanical genius, their thrift, economy and industry far surpass ours. Individual thrift makes aggregate wealth, this wealth, in turn, builds cities, ships, rail-roads, canals, churches, and endows colleges, schools, and spreads intelligence. In laboring for all these, I only beg my countrymen to preserve, as far as possible, their time-honored institutions, their old-fashioned hospitality, their honesty, public and private, the simplicity of their manners, the modest purity of their women, and their evangelical religion! The way is open for us to make North Carolina all we should wish her to be in material prosperity, without sacrificing one jot or tittle of those good qualities which we esteem her pride and her glory. We must complete as rapidly as possible our noble system of internal improvements until every section is linked with the other; we must prepare to dig up the inexhaustible mineral riches of her bosom; we must induce the inflow of population, and stimulate the agricultural interests until one continuous system of well cultivated and smiling farms shall cover the whole land from the low country of the east, across the rolling champaign hills of the interior, to the feet of the great western highlands. Those magnificent "pastures of the sky" should not only enrapture the eye of the traveler, and fill the hearts of their dwellers with adoration and praise with their inimitable scenes of glorious beauty, but should be made to gladden the hearts of their tillers with the sight of unnumbered thousands of lowing herds and feeding flocks; whilst their frostless steppes—as well as the Eastern plains—should teem with those native vines, now famous through the enterprise of strangers—and rejoice their owners with vintages rivalling the glories of Eshcol! All this, and more, we can do, if we will labor and be patient. But we *must first be true to ourselves.* We must aid each other, *and patronize our own!* We must patronize our own university,* colleges and schools; we must buy of our own manufactories, support our own newspapers and stimulate and foster the genius of our own young men.

Amid all these changes and revolutions, it is pleasant to know that there is one thing, at least, which knoweth neither variableness nor shadow of turning—the kindly love and devoted patriotism of the women of North Carolina, for all who have suffered in her behalf. Especially, during the season of despair and gloom which has so long paralyzed the strong arms of men, has it been refreshing to our souls to witness their unceasing and pious efforts in behalf of our dead heroes.—Even if their own great deeds were not—as they are—amply sufficient to redeem an unfortu-

* When its Fetichism shall be removed.

nate cause, and to fill the world with their splendid fame, the efforts of their devoted country-women would alone redeem their names from perishing. From the sea-shore to the mountains they are all at work—striving to feed the poor, to shelter the orphan and to bless the memories of their dead defenders. No adversity discourages them; and there is no spot so remote, but they may be found "working diligently with their hands." Not long since, I had occasion to visit again that prettiest nursling of the Alleghanies—my native town of Asheville. Crossing the Blue Ridge on horse-back, and winding my way down that loveliest of all the valleys, I ever beheld, which nestles under the shadow of Mt. Mitchell and his gigantic confreres, I stood at length upon the summit of that sharp spur which, leading directly from the highest peaks of the Black Mountain, guides the limpid waters of the Swannanoa into those of the French Broad. Beneath my feet lay my native town—quiet enough now, though torn, despoiled and blackened by the flames of war—whilst straight before me, and on either hand lay, tranquilly sleeping in the evening sunbeams, two-thirds of my native county, taken in at one sweeping glance! Involuntarily I paused, and instantly, faithful memory filled my soul with the scenes and incidents, joys and sorrows of years. It was in the earlier part of that most delightful season in our Alpine land, when summer preparing to die, decks herself as for a festival in her most gorgeous robes, and blazing in the mellow autumnal sunlight with the thousand hues of the forest, makes earth quite as beauteous, and almost as glorious "as the o'er-arching firmament, fretted with golden fire." The distant mountain peaks were bathing joyfully in the rich tide of outflowing light, the valleys seemed slumbering in real and grateful peace, and the quiet village wrapped in such fresh and soothing verdure, as almost to make its blackened ruins appear beautiful. The scene too, was that of my youthful hopes, sorrows and triumphs; where I had placed my young feet on the first round in the ladder of ambition, had tasted first of its waters and found them, even then, mingled with bitterness. My gazing was long, and my emotions were many. Drawing my feasting eyes at length slowly away from the magnificent panorama of mountain, hill and dale, and shining waters, and gazing eagerly upon every recognized house and familiar object, it fell at last upon the final earthly home of man—the village church-yard. There among the tombs of peaceful citizens, gleamed also, in the soft light, the white tablets which marked the resting-places of many who had given their young blood in defence of that goodly land, in whose bosom they slept so well. Then I thought sadly of the many, who were sleeping on wild and distant battle-fields, and wondered if there were any who would think to seek out and adorn their bloody beds! How could I, for a moment, have wondered thus? For, after gazing and

gazing, and thinking and thinking, until my eyes were moist with the teeming memories of the past, what time the "herd winds slowly o'er the lea," I spurred down into the village, and almost the first thing which greeted me was the din of the preparation my lovely townswomen were making to raise the means wherewith to re-inter and adorn the graves of those very slaughtered boys of whom I had been thinking!

With a proud and grateful heart, I said then, as I know you will all join me in saying to-night, May God bless the women of North Carolina! And let him that says not amen, be *anathema, maranatha!*

DEAD—VERY DEAD.

[*Sketch from a Romance of* 1860.]

BY L. VIRGINIA FRENCH.

Precisely so. In pummelling and pulverizing to annihilation the black body of "Southern slavery," the stony spirit of Plymouth Rock has pounded the life out of a most beautiful and sacred social relation:—the hand of "Progress" (so-called) has wiped out, forever, the peculiar Southern "institution" of "Black Mammy." But, in 1860-'61, it was not so. That institution, now buried deep in the "dead past," was then part and parcel of the "living Present." At all events, you would have thought so, had you, for a moment, beheld "*Mammy*," the most notable in position, and elephantine in size of the "ebony idols" of "Andalusia." She was a matron of some fifty summers and winters,—most generally "girt about with growing infancy" and the amplest of all ample aprons, either of checkered homespun or snowy linen, as duty or leisure predominated *pro tem.* Her usual costume was, like herself, more comfortable than classic,—nothing stiff about her, save her neck and her well-ironed head-kerchief, which she persisted in wearing after an odd fashion of her own inventing, and which "Mas' Syd" styled "a la Havelock." The circumference being about equal, it was difficult to determine where the dame's shoulders ended and the waist began, indeed, had it not been for the voluminous strings of the omnipresent apron, which encircled her like a belt of drift, marking

high tide upon some giant sycamore, the beholder might have been left in a painful state of suspense as to the fact whether or not she possessed a waist at all. Her hair, (it must be called so by compliment, and from fear of a applying any *sheepish* term to so stately a dame;) was iron-gray but concealed under the white 'kerchief,—her eyes small, with the kindliest twinkle in them,—her complexion a brown mahogany, sleek and shining, and her large mouth expressive of great good humor. Her features were high and prominent, more like those of an Indian than an individual of "African descent" her manner was of the most unequivocal and uncompromising dignity: and she was given, at times, to speaking of people as being "of no force," with quite a grand air. As to temperament, good "Mammy" had nearly, if not quite, as much spirit as body, which is saying a great deal when one pauses to contemplate her number of pounds avoirdupois. She stood in no great awe of any earthly power whatever, though she had an affectionate reverence for "old Master" and "Madame;" but she was sufficient in herself to hold the entire "army of Africa" on that plantation in a state of wholesome subjection. In kitchen and cabin an autocrat—a veritable "monarch of all she surveyed;" taking a general supervision of men and boys, keeping a rigid look-out over the women, and reprimanding at large the troops of juvenile ebony; which, regarded as a natural sequence to their mothers, danced and tumbled about in the sunshine, or, when "weather-bound," toddled and capered through their kitten-like divertisements over the cabin floor. So supreme was her rule throughout the "quarters," that she always knew before-hand the exact opinion of "them niggers," upon any given subject,—they never daring openly to differ from her views, or dispute her mandates upon any occasion. Her denunciations of their divers derilictions from duty, were often furious, her gesticulation stormy in the extreme,—her threatening thunderous,—her temper tornadic, and, at such tempestuous times, very serious indeed were the sharp lightenings of her "*coups de langue.*" The "boys," when they, individually, did not happen to be the culprits, delighted to get her upon what they rather quaintly termed "a tall horse," and when once fairly seated upon that imaginary steed, she was never known to *abate* from want of words, but simply and solely from lack of breath. Yet, from the fact that her wrath was of the loquacious species,—her ire of the imprecatory sort,—arose the consequent fact that, though her bursts of righteous indignation frequently assumed a sublime stage of passion, they seldom proceeded to serious extremities. On the whole, then, when good "Mammy's" heart was well understood, (for she *had* a heart "as big as a meetin'-house," more or less) she was comprehended to be more amiable and less formidable than a first view, of her lofty bearing and

physical force, would warrant one in supposing.

To every member of the Vertner family she was devotedly attached, having been all her life one of their retainers, as her parents were before her; she considered herself as one of them—making it a strictly personal matter, their family was *hers*—no more, no less. Her especial adoration was "de childun," her young mistresses, she regarded as a pair of most uncommon angels, with black eyes and rose-colored dresses,—Sydney she doted on—the "Master" she loved sincerely, and Madame Romayne, she admired to the deep extent of imitating her in every possible way, and saying often with an imperial air; "Madame and me," did thus and so! This, in itself was the profoundest compliment possible—flattery, with "Mammy" could no farther go.

This good old family servant had one distinctive peculiarity—a direct consequence of her force of character and independent habit of thought. Being herself of a most substantial constitution—a kind of feminine Colossus, combining physical abundance and muscular force, with a heart at times the tenderest, and hands at times the gentlest. She had been appointed to nurse and watch over the late Mrs. Vertner, during the last five years of her life, and she had, almost literally, (as she expressed it,) "carried her in dese arms." Such was the tender adoration with which this gentlest of gentle-women had inspired her faithful nurse, during these long years of patience and of pain, that "Mammy" could form no higher idea of the heavenly beatitudes than that of still "tendin' on poor dear Miss Lily," listening to her as she read the Bible promises, and carrying her golden harp for her amid the splendors of the New Jerusalem! She entertained an abiding faith that this was one day to be her happy and enviable lot;—and woe to any imprudent Ethiopian who, unadvisedly dared intimate a doubt of this, (to her,) most consoling and comfortable theory. An irreverent grandson of her own—a sort of "Imp of the Perverse"—once had the ill-judged temerity to venture the query. "*Eh!* an' who's gwine fur to tote *your* gold harp, granny, while you's a totin ov Miss Lily's?" *Ugh!* the resources of the English language are quite inadequate to a description of the "length and the breadth, the depth and the height" of the "ducking," received by this "noble Roman," Julius, upon that unfortunate occasion; it can only be expressed in his own peculiar lingo, when he sputteringly asserted that he was—"a dem-dem-demol-obolished nigger!"

"Poor dear Miss Lily!" Mammy would soliloquize, as she pensively leaned her Havelock upon a colossal hand—"poor dear Missus—I trus' in the Lord she's got her strength. Harps o' gold mus' in reason be heavy, hit will be too great an ondertakin' for *her*, poor baby—an' crowns o' gold is heavy likewise—too burdensome I'm mistrustin' for that little pale head that used to lean back onto my busom so faint like, as she said—'Oh! mammy—my head aches so,

mammy!' Lord love it! hit *never* was strong. Now, hit's a pleasant place thar—an' so 'twas a pleasant place here, for Mas' Caroll, God bless 'im, (that's ole master I mean,) made her way mighty easy,—ef crowns o' gold an' harps o' gold could a' saved *her* precious life, he'd a' had 'em fixed up right centre, *shure!* But she never got no strength for all *his* lovin' of her, an' *my* nussin' of her,—an' though I reckon the Good Master above 'ill make it all mighty pleasant for her; the main question is—will hit gin her the strength? I often wonders—to meself like, jis' as I'm a doin' now—ef hit will be easier an' plainer, walkin' on them streets o' gold in the New Jerusalem she used to read to me about, than 'twas on all these purty paths as was made roun' an' roun' this big house jis' a purpose for her tired little feet? I reckon 'twill, I reckon 'twill, be all springy and velvety like. Poor Miss Lily—she was one o' the chosen,—*she* was. That good man, Bruther Sanford, is often a tellin' of us, 'As thy days is, so shall thy strength be,' but 'twasn't so with that sweet creature—no 'twasn't. The more days she had the weaker she got, an' at last she jis' naterally faded away like a lily—as she was. I hopes the Good Master 'ill arrange it so as to make the harps, an' the crowns, an' things easy; an' the burden light, or else that he'll arrange it so as to gin her the strength:—'t any rate, ontil *I* gets thar to 'sist her—poor baby!" The idea that she, herself, would ever miss the golden gates of the Celestial City, had never once intruded upon good Mammy's brain; she was just as certain that *her* "calling and election" was made sure, as that her beloved Miss Lily had gone on before, and was even now waiting for her. If she endeavored to follow the kindly teachings of her Mistress and Brother Sanford, it was not so much as a *means* of attaining heaven—but rather that one who was so sure of going there, ought, in reason, to conduct herself here in a manner consistent with so happy and *respectable* a destiny!

From Mammy's attendance on her lovely mistress arose another marked peculiarity. It so happened that upon two occasions, Mrs. Vertner had visited a "Water-cure," in search of her lost health, and "Mammy" of course, as an indispensable requisite, accompanied her. Here she was bitten by the "Cure" and became an almost fanatical disciple of Pressnitz. Mrs. Vertner being, for a time as it seemed, benefited by the treatment administered in her nurse's tender way, the said nurse, to the last, maintained that "ef poor, dear Miss Lily could only a made out to live long enough to a tried hit all on complete, hit would, in the Good Master's time, a gin her the strength." Mammy, from that time forward, constituted herself an entire "corps d'Afrique," under especial orders to administer "the treat*ment*" to all diseases, moral, mental and physical, which appeared upon that plantation.

Water was the universal panacea for all "the ills that flesh is heir to." Madame Romayne fre-

quently observed that it was a blessing the river was so convenient, as without it, Mammy would have been to all everlasting in a fever of dread, lest the supply springs and cisterns should sink, Ariel-like, into the "middle earth" and leave her without the slightest amelioration, either for moral or physical evil. Evidently her direst idea of the horrors of a hell, arose from her belief that in such a sphere existed nothing of her favorite element—but on the contrary, that Fire, its antagonistic principle, reigned supreme.

"Plenty o' water in Heaven," —she would forcibly announce,— "the Good Master knows what he's about. Four big shinin' rivers into the Paradise aint all for nothin':—an' then thar's that 'sea o' glass like onto a crystal,'— that's water too. 'Taint glass, no how,—what would folks want wi' glass in heaven? Cheap, brickly stuff—an' them a walkin' onto dimonds and all sich! No—bless the Lord! that sea's water—*hit* is!" And then she would go on to argue, (not without some show of reason it must be confessed;) "What would be the sense o' havin' a hell-fire an' plenty o' water right on hand? *Water's fire's master*, an' with *hit* we could cure hell an' drown the devil—or *squench 'im out*, one. Only give *me* grace for to pour rivers enough down that sink-hole, an' I'll 'range *hit* all about centre. I'd engage to git all the meanness outen' ole Sam himself, by proper an' jew-dishus treat*ment*. I'd pack 'im, *an'* douche 'im, an' plunge 'im: or I'd drownd 'im, *an'* squench 'im, an' naturally put *his* pipe out for 'im, bodily; I would, the owdashus ole fiery flyin' cuss! Hear me now?"

In pursuance, therefore, of the idea that water was nothing less than a sort of liquid "philosopher's stone," by contact with which all things evil were to be transmuted into the purest possible good, Mammy had established a certain regimen for not only routing disease from the ebony body, physical, but of driving the "often infirmity" of "*badness*" out of the juvenile ebony body, moral. She had imbibed in copious draughts, the principle that water is a purifying, refreshing and ultimately regenerating agent, and she was not an individual to think a thing, and then allow it to remain quietly laid up in lavender in the regions of thought. Like a woman of will, as she was, she was for putting all such thinkings into vigorous, not to say rigorous, practice. Holding it firmly as one of the "thirty-nine articles" of her faith, that African childhood and youth demand nothing less than the exigent watchfulness of dragons, gorgons, etc., she constituted herself a guardian of that type to such an unlimited extent, that the horrified juveniles considered her no less than an entire brigade of the aforesaid monsters. But no one could doubt the fact that her regimen had its advantages. The little urchins verily improved under it,—they were sleek, shining and "sonsie,"—the consequences of scrubbing off, and rubbing out the "badness" inherent in youthful Ebony. They improved vastly under her superhuman efforts

towards bringing the blood into a state of healthful circulation, after a fit of that chilly and sullen iniquity denominated "the sulks:" a searching attrition of their ears with rasping huckaback after a fibbing style of conversation: and a series of supererogatory slaps in connection with a douche (vulgarly styled a "ducking,") when the harmony of the infantile corps had been disturbed by that domestic enormity, "a free fight all round."

The Deluge met with "Mammy's" most unqualified approval. She regarded it as a master-stroke, a splendid *coup d'etat* of the Good Master for getting "the bad" out of "a world lying in wickedness," one gone to the unmitigated "bad," so to speak. To be sure, the experiment resulted in the destruction of a world of people, but that, in her opinion, was a matter of secondary consequence, since their "owdashus badness" went down to destruction with them. It was related of her, that upon one occasion, when Brother Sanford was holding forth, eloquently, in the chapel, upon this, her favorite Scripture subject and depicting the Creator's stern punishment of an evil world; her irrepressible enthusiasm got the better of her discretion, and she electrified both minister and audience by springing to her feet, clapping her colossal hands with the emphasis of a pistol-shot, and exclaiming in a triumphal shout—"*Glory to God! he had 'em thar! he had 'em thar!*"

* * * * *

Dead—very dead. Forever past away is this Boanerges type of the good family nurse and foster mother. Gone too—to come again no more, is the softer image of the same extinct "institution" which has gladdened the homes of hundreds of us in days gone by, and whose portrait is hastily sketched below. Gone—all gone.

"MAMMY."

(*A Home Picture of* 1860.)

Where the broad mulberry branches hang a canopy of leaves
Like an avalanche of verdure, drooping o'er the kitchen eaves,
And the sunshine and the shadow dainty arabesques have made
On the quaint, old oaken settle, standing in the pleasant shade;
Sits good "Mammy" with "the child'un" while the summer afternoon
Wears the dewy veil of April, o'er the brilliancy of June.

Smooth and snowy is the 'kerchief, lying folded with an air
Of matron dignity above her silver-sprinkled hair;
Blue and white the beaded necklace used "of Sundays" to bedeck
(A dearly cherished amulet,) her plump and dusky neck;
Dark her neatly ironed apron, of a broad and ample size,
Spreading o'er the dress of "homespun" with its many colored dyes.

True, her lips are all untutored, yet how genially they smile,
And how eloquent their fervor, praying, "Jesus bless de chile!"
True, her voice is hoarse and broken, but how tender its replies;
True, her hands are brown and withered, yet how loving are her eyes;
She has thoughts both high and holy tho' her brow is dark and low;
And her face is dusk and wrinkled but her soul as white as snow!

An aristocrat is "Mammy"—in her dignity sedate,
"Haught as Lucifer" to "white trash" whom she cannot tolerate;
Patronizing too, to "Master" for she "nussed 'im when a boy;"
Familiar, yet respectful, to "the Mistis"—but the joy
Of her bosom is "de child'un," and delightedly she'll boast
Of the "born blood" of her darlings—"good as kings and queens
a'most."

There she sits beneath the shadow, crooning o'er some olden hymn,
Watching earnestly and willingly, altho' her eyes are dim;
Laughing in her heart sincerely, yet with countenance demure
Holding out before "her babies" every tempting little lure,—
Noting all their merry frolics with a quiet, loving gaze,
Telling o'er at night to "Mistis" all their "cunnin' little ways."

Now and then her glance will wander o'er the pastures far away
Where the tasselled corn-fields waving, to the breezes rock and sway,
To the river's gleaming silver, and the hazy distance where
Giant mountain-peaks are peering thro' an azure veil of air;
But the thrill of baby voices—baby laughter, low and sweet,
Recall her in a moment to the treasures at her feet.

So "rascally," so rollicking, our bold and sturdy boy
In all his tricksy way-wardness is still her boast and joy,
She'll chase him thro' the shrubberies—his mischief-mood to cure,
"Hi! whar dat little rascal now?—de b'ars will git 'im shure!"
When caught she'll stoutly swing him to her shoulder, and in pride
Go marching round the pathways—"'jus to see how gran' he ride."

And the "Birdie" of our bosoms—Ah! how soft and tenderly
Bows good "Mammy's" mother-spirit to her baby witchery!
(*All* to her is dear devotion whom the angels bend to bless,
All our thoughts of her are blended with a holy tenderness;)
Coaxing now, and now caressing—saying with a smile and kiss—
"Jus' for Mammy—dat's a lady—will it now?" do that, or this.

On the sweet white-tufted clover, worn and weary with their play,
Toying with the creamy blossoms, now my little children lay;
Harnessed up with crimson ribbons, wooden horses side by side
"Make believe" to eat their "fodder"—(blossoms to their noses tied!)
Near them stands the willow wagon—in it "Birdie's" mammoth doll,
And our faithful "Brave" beside them, noble guardian over all.

Above them float the butterflies, around them hum the bees,
And birdlings warble, darting in and out among the trees;
The kitten sleeps at "Mammy's" side, and two brown rabbits pass
Hopping close along the paling, stealing thro' the waving grass;
—Gladsome tears blue eyes are filling and a watching mother prays—
"God bless 'Mammy' and my children, in these happy, halcyon days!"

BEE CULTURE.

WHEN so many people of the South are struggling for life, like ship-wrecked mariners, no floating plank should be allowed to drift uselessly past them. If "figures do not lie," bee-keeping is one of these unnoticed planks, and if we may trust enthusiastic apiarians, it is no despicable one. Nay, in their estimation it is far more than a mere floating plank—it is a taut, capacious, sea-worthy vessel. It is a business which, however, neglected at the South, has kept pace in other lands, with other improvements in this age of so-called progress. It is taught as a science in the European colleges of agriculture, and in 1857, the yield of honey and wax in Austria, was estimated at seven millions of dollars." Almost every Southern plantation has a few neglected bee hives, which would perish altogether, were they in a less favored land; but our mild winters, and blossom laden summers are so favorable to their existence, that they yield a fair return of wax and honey, in spite of the ravages of their great destroyer, the bee moth. Formerly, we were obliged to say of bee culture as Bacon said of agriculture,

when he made a bon-fire of his agricultural books, "These books contain no principles." We placed our wee brown-coated laborers in a hive many times larger than they required, and however anxious for their welfare, were obliged to look helplessly on, while the brave little fellows battled with the moths, who to them, are "mighty sons of Anak, giants in their land." Now, we have learned so to dispose their forces that the enemy is beaten every time. The moth is a cowardly fellow, and never contests the field when opposed by anything like equal powers. The bees, themselves, must do the fighting—our interference is useless when it comes to hard blows—but it is our part to see that each division of the Lilliputian army is well recruited—no gaps in their ranks—and that their commissariat is well supplied. The mode of doing this has now been ascertained with accuracy, and bee-keeping is no longer a hap-hazard sort of business, without any "principles." Moreover, bee-keeping is a *beautiful* business. We confess to a weakness for the beautiful even in business; and a probably unorthodox suspicion that everything ugly is an "evil invention of the enemy."

A poet may be a bee-keeper. He may sit down amidst his blossom-embowered apiary, and commune with Aristotle and Virgil about his busy little charge while their musical hum fills his ears, and he may even come to the conclusion that the golden age of the classic poets was not all a myth, and that we have gradually progressed downward instead of upward—downward through the silver and the brazen ages, until we have reached this hard iron one, ruled by the iron-handed sons of Cain. He may also dream, that as there is no coarser metal than iron, and we can go no farther in this downward course, we may hope to commence, by the "law of circularity," to rise upward again, and emerge, in our orbit, from the iron age into the golden one.

The entering wedges to this golden age are occupations which require little labor and produce great abundance, and may be more easily managed than we think for, and our present object is to show how profitable the golden age occupation of bee-keeping may be made, even in this the age of iron. The Rev. L. L. Langstroth tells us that in a favorable season, he has obtained from a single hive over one hundred pounds of surplus honey. And we are further told in the Patent Office Report for 1863, that it is not unusual under the most favorable circumstances, for single hives to produce two hundred pounds in a season. In East Friesland, Holland, bees are maintained at the rate of two thousand hives to a square mile. Two thousand colonies therefore, under the *most favorable* circumstances would yield from 200,000 to 400,000 pounds of honey. At 25 cents per lb., this amount of comb honey would be worth from $50,000 to $100,000. Does any planter make as much from a square mile, or six hundred acres of cotton? The reply will be, "Yes, under the *most favorable* circumstances we can."

But it is at the cost of the labor of Sisyphus, each day repeating the labor of the former, each year repeating the toil of the preceding. In the one case the laborers are human beings—in the other they are *bees*. Bees delight in labor—human beings do not. It is the highest good of bees to labor—it is the highest good of human beings to have time for mental and moral cultivation and for recreation. In bee-keeping, all you have to do is to provide hives and keep your colonies strong, about the same amount of trouble as providing bagging and rope for, and ginning, your twelve or fifteen hundred bales of cotton, which you have produced from your six hundred acres, under the most favorable circumstances. No apiary can be counted on for this amount of honey, however. But we are told in the same Patent Office Report, that it is "encouraging to know that already there are a few extensive apiaries in our country, which, under enlightened cultivation, produce annually, from five to fifty dollars worth of honey and wax to each colony." We are told also, by another writer, that one parish priest in Spain, (which like the South, is a fine country for bees) possesses five thousand hives or colonies. Taking five dollars as the minimum profit of each hive, and this parish priest would realize $25,000 annually. The objection may be raised to all this, that where honey is produced in very large quantities, there is danger of the supply exceeding the demand, and therefore it will become unsalable. We think there is but little danger of the demand exceeding the supply for many years to come, and when we remember how easily honey may be converted into that much demanded article, sugar, we doubt if this danger will ever occur. To convert honey into sugar, nothing more is necessary than to expose it to the light. Men of science tell us that this is the reason why it is necessary for bees to work in the dark—the honey for their purposes must be in a liquid state, and exposure to the light always candies or crystallizes it. The reason for this singular transformation is a very curious one. The following account of it is given in the *Quarterly Review of Science*. "Every one knows what honey fresh from the comb is like. It is a clear, yellow syrup, without a trace of solid sugar in it. Upon straining, however, it gradually assumes a crystalline appearance—it *candies*, as the saying is, and ultimately becomes a *solid lump of sugar*. It has not been suspected that this change is due to a *photographic* action; that the same agent which alters the molecular arrangement of the iodine of silver in the excited collodion plate, and determines the formation of camphor and iodine crystals in a bottle, causes the syrup honey to assume a crystalline form. This, however, is the case. M. Scheilber has enclosed honey in stoppered flasks, some of which he has kept in perfect darkness, whilst others have been exposed to the light. The invariable results have been, that the sunned portion rapidly crystallizes, whilst

that kept in the dark remains perfectly liquid. We now see why bees are so careful to work in darkness—the existence of their young depends on the liquidity of the saccharine food presented to them." Honey can also be transformed into sugar of a solid white concrete form, by boiling until it is reduced to a certain consistence and then "treating with moist clay, as practised by the sugar-baker for purifying sugar from its unctuous, treacly matter."—(*Rees' Cyclopedia.*)

In the United States, Langstroth and Quinby are our chief authorities in bee-culture. They agree in all essential particulars, and the former is the inventor, or rather perfector, of the hive which enables us to obtain a knowledge of the exact condition of each colony, at all times, and which supplies, therefore, the one thing needed for complete success in bee-keeping. They each obtain their profits from the surplus boxes or caps, placed upon the hive, and which the bees generally fill as soon as their own commissary stores are attended to. Quinby was very successful with the common box hive, taking care to make them of the right size, viz: to contain 2,000 cubic inches. The caps, or boxes, for surplus honey should fit on the top, and should be exactly the same size, except in height, which should not be more than seven inches. One side, or the two opposite sides of the honey box should be of glass, in order that the bee-keeper may see when they are filled with honey. These glass sides should be covered to exclude the light. For a description of Langstroth's hive, the reader is referred to his work on the honey bee. The hives and honey boxes should all be made in the winter, in order to be ready for the swarming season, which usually begins here in April and continues for two months. The apiary should not be so situated as to receive the full rays of the sun during the heat of the day. A few hours of morning sun to dry the moisture around is quite sufficient. Dark colored comb and honey are always the result of two much heat and light. In South America, where the bees build on trees in the open air, the comb is as black as jet. If there are no low-growing trees near the apiary, it will be necessary to plant some bushes six or eight feet in height, for the swarms to settle upon. In hiving a swarm, the inexperienced bee-keeper should protect himself from stings, by wearing a broad brimmed straw hat, over which a bag made of two yards of mosquito netting should be drawn and tied securely under the arms. The hands should be shielded by India rubber, or thick buckskin gloves with gauntlets. Mr. Langstroth uses a bee-hat, made of a piece of wire-cloth, one foot wide and two and a half feet long, sewed to a circular piece of leather at the top, and with a frill of cotton cloth at the bottom, to be tucked under the coat, to protect the neck. Old apiarians handle their bees without any of these precautions and incur no risk. When there is danger of a swarm running off, they may be arrested by throwing water, or

even earth amongst them, but no ringing of bells, or beating of pans has the slightest effect.—After the swarm has settled, the usual plan is to saw off the limb and lay it upon a table underneath, upon which a white sheet has been spread, and place an empty hive over them. When it is not desirable to saw off the limb, they may be shaken into the hive, (inverting it for the purpose) by giving a quick jarring motion to the limb. Then turn the hive on the bottom board and place it where you wish it to stand. In using Langstroth's hive, the bees should be shaken into a basket and carried to the hive and turned out upon a sheet, fastened over the alighting board. If they show any reluctance to enter, sprinkle them with water. Only one swarm should be allowed to leave each hive. By using Langstroth's hive, all after swarms which weaken the parent colony, may be prevented. His hives are so constructed that each comb is built upon a separate frame which may be taken out at pleasure. About a week after the first swarm has issued, take out all the frames and look them over carefully until you find the queen cells, which are easily distinguished by their large size, and cut out all but one. The old queen always leaves with the first swarm, leaving her successors in the unhatched condition in the queen cells. If all these unhatched queens, excepting one, are destroyed, there will be no more swarming, for bees never swarm unless led by a queen. The Golden Rule in bee-keeping is to KEEP STRONG COLONIES, and one of the means of doing this, is to prevent all after-swarming. When the colonies grow feeble from other causes than over-swarming, they are to be recruited in the following simple manner. Take brood combs from strong colonies, containing a sufficient number of bees in the pupæ state, and place them in the hives containing the weak colonies. An experienced bee-keeper can tell from the weight of the hives whether the colonies are strong enough. Each hive should contain at least thirty lbs. of bees. Orchard and forest trees are most important auxiliaries to an apiary. All fruit blossoms furnish delicious honey, but none supplies it in such quantity as the blossoms of the apple. The raspberry also furnishes most delicious honey. The catkins of the chestnut and chinquapin are also very valuable, and the blossoms of the persimmon are often seen covered with bees. White clover is one of the most important plants from which bees derive their supplies. It is in the Spring when fruit blossoms fill our orchards and forests, that honey is gathered in the greatest abundance. A week or ten days of favorable weather will enable a strong colony to lay up an ample supply for the year, if they have a sufficient quantity of fruit blossoms to gather from. And instead of injuring the coming crop of fruit by robbing their blossoms, they bestow a great benefit upon them. In proof of this fact, the *American Bee Journal* makes the following statement:

"At the Apiarian General Convention held at Stutgard in Wirt-

emburg, in September, 1858, the celebrated pomologist, Professor Lucas, one of the directors of the Hohenheim Institute, said: 'The interests of the horticulturist and bee-keeper combine and run parallel. A judicious pruning of our fruit-trees will cause them to blossom more freely and yield honey more plentifully. I would urge attention to this on those who are both fruit-growers and bee-keepers. A careful and observant bee-keeper at Potsdam writes to me that his trees yield decidedly larger crops since he has established an apiary in his orchard, and the annual product is now more certain and regular than before, though his trees had always received due attention.

Some years ago, a wealthy lady in Germany established a green-house at considerable cost, and stocked it with a great variety of choice native and exotic fruit trees—expecting in due time to have remunerating crops. Time passed, and annually there was a super-abundance of blossoms, with only a very little fruit.—Various plans were devised and adopted to bring the trees into bearing, but without success, till it was suggested that the blossoms needed fertilization, and that by means of bees the work could be effected. A hive of busy honey-gatherers was introduced next season; the remedy was effectual—there was no longer any difficulty in producing crops there. The bees distributed the pollen, and the *setting* of the fruit followed naturally.'"

There are four occupations which we believe could be combined most profitably and beautifully in this climate. In truth, they "dove-tail" into each other so exquisitely that they seem but different parts of one charmed whole. These occupations are bee-keeping, orcharding, wool-growing and *landscape gardening*, the last being but the golden cord which binds the three first together. By orcharding, we must not be understood to mean the ownership of a patch of crooked moss-grown and canker-worm-eaten apple trees, but the careful cultivation of every variety of fruit-bearing tree which belongs to our latitude, from the massive chestnut, which tosses its giant branches to the sky, to the light and graceful amelanchier, with its crimson, currant-like fruit. The landscape gardener furnishes the rich turf upon which the sheep feed—the sheep enrich the soil and keep down the weeds around the orchard trees, and the orchard trees furnish the blossoms of which the bees make their honey, and the bees in their turn fertilize the blossoms of the orchard, thus completing the circle of mutual benefits. Then the owner finds them "dove-tailing" into each other, with equal harmony, in the claims upon his attention. The lambing season is over just before the swarming season commences—then comes sheep-shearing—then the hay-making, and then the gathering, boxing and marketing of summer fruits—then the vintage and gathering of nuts and winter stores of fruit, and then the landscape gardener may take up his pruning knife and spade, planting and trimming during our mild winter months, until January comes again with its fleecy treasures. We have said that landscape-gardening is but the golden cord which binds the other occupations

together. That is, the turf, trees, sheep and bees should, and could, form one beautiful whole, arranged by the artistic taste of a landscape-gardener. Let heavy masses of wood, dense enough for Druids' homes and temples, crown the hills and be composed of chestnuts, black and Persian walnuts, shell-bark hickory nuts, Swiss and Italian pines, salisburias and araucarias, persimmons and mulberries, and let the usual orchard fruits mingle their exquisite odors and blossoms on the outskirts of the heavier trees, catching the sun-light, and strewing the emerald sod with their pearly white and rose-tinted petals, while the bees give a murmuring chorus to songs of the nest-building birds. Let the copse wood be composed of filberts, chinquapins and hazlenuts, and let the blackberries,

> "Black as beauty's tresses
> And sweet as love's caresses"

grow, not in straight lines, but in masses not too tangled for the gardener to enter with his pruning-knife occasionally. The sheep are good pruners as well as mowers, and a thicket of Chickasaw plums assumes a miniature orchard look, whenever they have access to it. They clear out noxious weeds and hiding-places for snakes, spiders, &c., as if by magic. By the employment of hurdle fences, these gentle laborers will fertilize, mow and weed your land whenever you desire it; growing at the same time wool for your raiment and mutton for your table, and pets for your children. Poet and philosopher, what more could you ask?

But to return to our proper subject, bee-culture. Our purpose in the foregoing remarks is not to induce young enthusiasts to invest money in bees, but merely to persuade the present owners of bees to take care of them and make the most of them. A single colony sending out one swarm, or "doubling every year, would, in ten years, increase to 1,024 stocks, and in twenty years, to over a million. At this rate, our whole country might, in a few years, be stocked with bees. It is not easy to overstock any country with bees. On this subject, Langstroth remarks:

"It is difficult to repress a smile when the owner of a few hives, in a district where as many hundreds might be made to prosper, gravely imputes his ill-success to the fact, that too many bees are kept in his vicinity. If, in the spring, a colony of bees is prosperous and healthy, it will gather abundant stores, in a favorable season, even if hundreds equally strong are in its immediate vicinity; while, if it is feeble, it will be of little or no value, even if it is in 'a land flowing with milk and honey' and there is not another stock within a dozen miles of it. There is probably not a square mile in this whole country which is overstocked with bees, unless it is so unsuitable for bee-keeping as to make it unprofitable to keep them at all."

Mr. Langstroth's work should be read by every bee-keeper. It is written in an entertaining style, but rather too diffuse for the ordinary reader. It would be an advantage to have a condensed edition for practical people who are not fond of general literature.

Virgil, Aristotle and Columellus are very well in their proper places, but when the bees are swarming, we haven't time to attend to them. Quinby's Mysteries of Bee Keeping, also, contains much valuable information, but Langstroth's hive is admitted by Quinby to be the last improvement in bee-keeping. It is an art which cannot be taught in a magazine article, but many farmers, at the South, are very successful, who have no guides but their own good sense. KEEP YOUR COLONIES STRONG is the golden rule. There may be as many modes of doing this, as there are modes of enriching the soil. The "principles" of agriculture are now thought to be well understood, but Mr. Dickson places his dependence upon commercial fertilizers; Mr. Gift upon home-made fertilizers, and Mr. Howard upon sheep. Mr. Quinby was very successful with common box hives, but admits that he is more successful with movable comb hives, and we know a mountain farmer who has sold hundreds of pounds of honey from hives made of sections of hollow trees.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

I will commence my reminiscences of public men, with Mr. Calhoun, who stood pre-eminently above all others, in South Carolina, of my day and time. In early life, I had a most exalted opinion of this distinguished Carolinian, his talents, patriotism and purity of character.—This opinion was formed from his general course in public life, his speeches in Congress, and his administration of the War Department, under President Monroe. Whilst going to school, at Asheville, N. C., in 1822, I remember writing an article advocating his claims to the Presidency over those of Adams, Jackson, Clay and Crawford. In the summer of 1825, there was a public dinner given Mr. Calhoun, at Greenville, S. C. I was one of the committee who extended him the invitation, and prepared the toasts drank, one of which pointed to the Presidency as the crowning reward of his public life. This was the first time, I ever had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Calhoun, and I was then a student of law in Judge Earle's office. The speech he made, on that occasion, was a very brief one, and the company was not large. General Thompson, afterwards Minister to Mexico, presided at the dinner. Judge Earle, who was never an admirer of Mr. Calhoun, was not present, and left the village in order to avoid the dinner. He had been a Crawford man, and belonged to the political school of Judge William Smith, of South

Carolina. In the Presidential canvass of 1824, Judge Earle supported John Quincy Adams. He had no very high opinion of Gen. Jackson, as a statesman, but was never very decided in his politics.

The next time I saw Mr. Calhoun, was at Pendleton Court, and it was the last time I spoke to him for many years. During our political excitement, in 1832, in South Carolina, I became very strongly prejudiced against Mr. Calhoun, and it was not in my nature to seek the company of those I did not like. The total abandonment, by Mr. Calhoun, of his early national principles and his zealous espousal of what he had once repudiated as "The Virginia abstractions," shook my confidence in his wisdom and steadfastness of purpose in politics. I did not see how a great statesman could radically change his political principles, and be both wise and sincere.

In 1845, I met Mr. Calhoun at the anniversary of the Pendleton Agricultural Society. I had been invited by the President of the Society, Major George Seaborn, to deliver the anniversary address on that occasion. After it was over, Mr. Calhoun came up and complimented the effort I had made in the cause of agriculture. He was then starting to Alabama, to look after his planting interest in that State, and expressed his regret at not being able to have me at his house, near the village of Pendleton. Mr. Calhoun was, at that time, very much interested in farming, and he always made good crops. He paid great attention to the preservation and improvement of his lands. Hillside ditching was introduced by him in this section of the State, and after completing this labor, on his farm, he then turned his attention to manuring his fields. He wisely remarked that it was of little value to manure, till the land was prepared to retain it.

Nullification had passed over in South Carolina, and was an obsolete idea, with all thinking and reflecting men. The aspirations of party had subsided, and I ceased to think of Mr. Calhoun's inconsistency and tergiversations in politics. I began, once more, to admire his brilliant genius and appreciate his public services in many respects. In the summer of 1846, I met Mr. Calhoun in Washington, and had the pleasure of hearing him address the Senate on several occasions. I was very much struck with his earnest and ardent manner in debate. He spoke with great ease and fluency, his sentences were terse, and his conclusions rapid. He seemed to regard more the idea expressed, than the language in which it was uttered. His style of speaking pleased me more than the grand, solemn manner of Mr. Webster. He had all the feeling and fire of the orator, which I thought Mr. Webster wanted in some measure.

I had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Calhoun, during my stay in Washington, with Gov. McDuffie, Judge Butler and Mr. Burt, of South Carolina. At the table there was an amusing discussion between him and Judge Butler, on the location of national capitals. Mr. Calhoun re-

marked that the Capital of a nation was always on one side, and never in the centre of a kingdom, or empire. Judge Butler controverted this assertion and instanced Spain and Jerusalem. Mr. Calhoun explained by stating that Madrid was a Moorish city, and not originally the Capital of Spain. What he said in regard to Jerusalem, I do not now remember, with sufficient accuracy to state. But Mr. Calhoun was always well posted in reference to any theory which he advanced. If facts failed him, he would, nevertheless, support his theory with the most urgent argument and reasoning. I remember hearing Warren R. Davis give an account of a discussion at a dinner table, between Mr. Calhoun and an English Captain, in reference to the Trade Winds. The Captain listened very attentively to the theory, but said he had often crossed the Equator, and his observation did not sustain Mr. Calhoun's theory. Nevertheless, Mr. Calhoun's argument satisfied the party that he was correct, in opposition to the positive experience and observation of the English Captain. In other words, the Captain's facts were of less weight than Mr. Calhoun's argument.

After the adjournment of Congress, I traveled to the Virginia Springs in company with Mr. Calhoun, Gov. McDuffie and Mr. Burt. We were all in the same stage coach. Mr. Calhoun spoke of Clay's and Webster's manner in debate. He said when Webster was worsted in argument, he felt it, and you saw that he did feel it and know it. But Clay would never give any such manifestations. He never acknowledged that he was worsted in debate, and would never let you see that he thought so. Mr. Calhoun said Col. Benton was the greatest of humbugs, and could make more out of nothing than any other man in the world. "He ought," said Mr. Calhoun, "to have gone about all his life with quack doctors and written puffs for their medicines. Had he done so, he might have made a fortune!"—There was no kind feeling between Mr. Calhoun and Col. Benton. Throughout life, they were bitter personal enemies. Mr. Calhoun had a bad opinion of the Colonel, and he reciprocated it most cordially.

When I left the Springs to return home, by the way of Abingdon, Va., and Greenville, Tenn., Mr. Calhoun requested me to write him as to the condition of the roads and staging through the mountains. He and Mrs. Calhoun intended returning to South Carolina over that route. He was anxious to visit Wythe county, where his ancestors had lived some time after their removal from Pennsylvania, and before they finally settled in Abbeville district, South Carolina. The roads and staging I found bad enough, and so reported to Mr. Calhoun. On their arrival in Greenville, S. C., Mrs. Calhoun said to me as soon as I saw her, "did you ever expect to see me alive, after passing over those roads in Virginia and Tennessee?"

Whilst I was a candidate for Congress, in opposition to Gov.

Orr, I visited Mr. Calhoun twice in my electioneering tours through Pickens district. I never found any where, a kinder man, or one more plain and unassuming in his manners than Mr. Calhoun; but I was particularly struck with his kindness and winning manners at his own house. How true it is that greatness is never pretending or assuming. It is only "the would be great man," who has to assume and pretend to what he has not. The first visit I paid Mr. Calhoun, we were alone the whole day, and from ten o'clock till dinner was announced, I do not think either of us left our seats for a moment, nor was there scarcely a pause in conversation. He was in fine spirits, and his conversation was truly fascinating. It was not that of a studied speech or lecture, in which Mr. Calhoun too often indulged with his admiring listeners. It was natural and simple, cordial and cheerful, amusing and instructive, giving and taking, calling in the whole range of his life's experience, thought and learning. He spoke of his course in Congress, described his contemporaries, told anecdotes of Randolph, Lowndes, Jackson, Polk, Benton and others. He did not admire President Polk, and spoke of the Mexican war as most unfortunate. He did not believe that our armies could capture the city of Mexico, or hold the country if we conquered it. He spoke in high terms of the officers of the United States army, and said he knew thirty of those officers, who were capable of commanding the largest armies of Europe.

When the Missouri question was on the tapis, in Congress, Mr. Calhoun said he suggested to Mr. Lowndes, that Congress having authorized the formation of a State Constitution, the people of Missouri, if not admitted into the Union, would be a legal, independent State, out of the Union, and beyond the control of the United States. In speaking of the Federal Union, he said the love of it, with the American people, was stronger than their love of liberty! I was greatly shocked, as a Union man, with this idea, and did not assent to it. I contended that the love of the Union with the American people, was only for the purpose of maintaining their liberty and independence. But it would seem from our present political condition, that Mr. Calhoun was right, and I was wrong. A large portion of the Northern people seem willing to establish a military despotism to preserve the Union, and I am extremely mortified to see that a portion of the Southern people are willing to acquiesce in this disposition to get back into the Union.

I have always said that all great men were egotists. Cicero and Demosthenes were eminently so. Mr. Calhoun was not without this foible of greatness, any more than he was of one other infirmity, which it is said belongs to all great men—*ambition*. He liked very much to talk of himself, and he always had the good fortune to make the subject exceedingly interesting and captivating to his hearers. Mr. Calhoun was a man of the very highest mental energy and activity. In this respect, no

one surpassed him. But he was unfortunate in always having the great powers of his mind concentrated on one subject at a time. He thought and reasoned so rapidly and directly, and was so absorbed by the one subject for the time being, that he pursued the argument without considering how the question would affect something else. This was too much his character to be a wise statesman or a safe counselor. Whilst the advocate of a great system of Internal Improvement, he thought of nothing but the social and commercial blessings which it would bestow upon the country. He did not stop to consider, or turn to right or left, to see how such a system would strengthen the powers of the National Government, and crush those of the States. When he became the advocate of a tariff for protection, he thought only of building up the National Independence and encouraging American labor. He did not reflect on its sectional bearing, or stop to consider that one portion of the United States would not find it profitable to engage in manufactures. When he became the champion of Nullification, if not its author, he saw in it nothing more than a remedy for getting rid of the onerous exactions of the tariff system for protection, which he himself had formerly advocated through the highest and most patriotic motives. He did not consider whether or not Nullification would make our National Union a rope of sand. This did not make an objection to the one idea which had possessed his great mind, and that was to break down the system of protection. In pursuing one question, he lost sight of all others. How many thousands of such men of smaller minds do we not meet in ordinary life. They are forever wrong, and always changing their opinions, because they are always on the extreme, and never right. Philosophy teaches us that extremes are always dangerous, and that the path of wisdom and safety is ever a middle course.

Unfortunately, Mr. Calhoun, throughout his brilliant career as an American statesman, was jumping from one extreme to another, in politics. From the extreme of National powers, under the Constitution, bordering on consolidation, to the extreme of States Rights, bordering on the destruction of all National power. From the extreme of protection to no protection, not even incidental in laying duties for revenue. From the extreme of internal improvements, to the denial of any such power, on the part of the General Government. From the advocacy of a National Bank, to the denial of the power to establish such an Institution! At one time Gen. Jackson was, in the opinion of Mr. Calhoun, a great patriot and an incorruptible man. Then he was a great tyrant and utterly corrupt. At one time, in a letter to Gov. Noble, he urged the election of President and Vice-President by the people, then he thought in the latter part of his life, nothing more vicious and suicidal, in South Carolina. In

1812, he was the champion of the war, but on the Oregon question, his speech is a most masterly vindication of the peace policy.—War was first the greatest blessing, and then the greatest curse. Mr. Calhoun was the advocate of the election of Gen. Taylor, but very soon saw that he was not the right man in the right place. In order to break down Gen. Jackson's administration, Mr. Calhoun became a Whig, and the ally of Clay and Webster. He then abandoned the Whig party, and because Col. Preston and General Thompson would not do so, likewise, he drove one from the Senate and took the stump to crush the other. It is, however, the fate of genius to be erratic.

For many years, Mr. Calhoun was absolute in South Carolina, and all who sought promotion in the State, had to follow him, and swear by him. He thought for the State and crushed out all independence of thought in those below him. It is said by the Historian, that on the death of Henry VIII. of England, that Kingdom breathed more freely. I thought, after the death of Mr. Calhoun, the people of South Carolina could think more independently. Mr. Calhoun seldom made quotations in his speeches or writings. He relied on no authority save the resources of his own great mind. His style was very much that of the greatest and most original thinker of ancient times, the great Stagyrite. In style there is a striking similarity between the writings of Mr. Calhoun and Aristotle's "Ethics" and "Politics."

In Mr. Calhoun's last moments, he said nothing about religion, and I mentioned the fact to Gov. Orr, who was with him when he died, in Washington. The Governor said that Mr. Calhoun had no idea of dying, and had not even given up, at that time, the hope of being President of the United States! The Governor told me that Mr. Calhoun was a Unitarian in religion. But Maj. Samuel A. Townes, who was very intimate with Mr. William Calhoun, the brother of John C. Calhoun, once informed me, that in conversation with this brother, who was a great heretic in religion himself, he enquired what the religious opinions of Mr. John C. Calhoun were. Mr. William Calhoun replied, "John has the reputation of being a great man, and he is too prudent to offend the religious world by the avowal of infidel notions, but I know that he thinks with me in regard to religion." Gen. Thompson has told me that he was at Mr. Calhoun's house with an ignorant and rude Baptist clergyman, to whom Mr. Calhoun was explaining the doctrine of Nullification. The clergyman stopped him and said, "I would much rather have your views, Mr. Calhoun, on the subject of the Christian religion." Mr. Calhoun evaded the question, and the direct inquiry was made of him, if he believed in the Christian religion. The question was not answered.

Mr. Calhoun was greatly admired and loved by all of his neighbors about Pendleton. They knew him best in private life and

their good opinion is worth a great deal. His truth, sincerity and sterling integrity were never doubted by those who knew him best and loved him most. In public life, no matter what may have been his errors and inconsistencies, no one ever charged him with corruption or intrigue, or dishonor in his public duties. Perhaps, there is no American statesman, whose private life and moral character are more unexceptionable than the life and character of John C. Calhoun. He is a statesman of whom South Carolina may well be proud, and whose genius must have placed him in the front rank of great men in any age or country.

ABOUT BIRDS.

THE Short-Eared Owl is with us only during winter, and except in its predilection for living on the ground, has no striking peculiarities; it closely resembles the Barred Owl, in size and color, and is no doubt very frequently confounded with it. The Barn Owl is a West Indian, who spends his summers among us; this species is abundant, yet his notes are rarely heard, and being strictly a night-owl, it is still more rarely seen. It is a great blessing, however, to the planter in whose corn-crib it has taken up its quarters, keeping the barn free of rats, mice and flying-squirrels with greater efficiency than two or three cats. The Long-Eared Owl is not very abundant, but he is decidedly the most quizzical-looking of his tribe, though not destitute of a certain beauty of his own. You have, no doubt, seen him sitting with stupid gravity on the box to which his captors have tied him, his slender and ungainly body thrown forward, his back humped like Punchinello, and his long, feathery ears pointing backwards. His plumage, however, is very soft, and delicately colored, and his scarlet eyes with their bright green margins attract the attention of all who observe him. Then we have the Snowy Owl, which comes to us in winter from the far North, and is an object of greater interest. This is a very fine bird, of striking appearance, and sees equally well by night and by day. It is not common at the South, but on one occasion, while out shooting with a friend, near Columbia, S. C., we frightened three from a ruinous building in the centre of a field. A beautiful specimen was long in the possession of the late Dr. R. W. Gibbes, of the same city, which had been shot from a chimney in one of the streets, and I have known two individuals to be killed, at Charleston, at different times, while perched upon houses situated in the most frequented

thoroughfares. This owl is an expert fisherman, being famous in the far North for his skill in capturing fish at their breathing-holes in the ice, and with his near relation, the Great Cinereous Owl, for predatory excursions among the muskrat traps.

The three species which are most common in the Carolinas, and, therefore possess for us the greatest interest, are the Great Horned Owl, the Barred, or Swamp Owl, and the little Screech Owl. The first and last of these, although respectively the giant and pigmy of their tribe, are very closely connected. They are the only representatives on this Continent of their particular genus, which is Bubo, or Horned Owl; the Screech-Owl, proper, having a round head, and being represented with us by the Barn Owl only. The Great Horned Owl is the nocturnal tyrant of our woods. Audubon says nothing of his migrations, yet, I have never heard or seen one after the month of November, or earlier than the last of March, nor have I ever seen an individual nearer to the sea-coast than the middle districts of South Carolina. He resides chiefly among the uplands, spending the day in the dark shelter of some pine, or moss-clad oak, from which you may hear his sepulchral voice at regular intervals "from eve till morn," and in cloudy weather, "from morn to dewy eve." This note is excessively melancholy, resembling a *tremolo* movement, executed by blowing a comb with paper placed over it, and it may be heard at an astonishing distance. At night, he sets out upon his solitary plundering expedition, and commits terrible depredations among out-lying poultry and pigs. His large size, and powerful talons render him a terror to all the smaller animals, and to all birds, from the turkey downwards. His flight is vigorous, but wonderfully noiseless, being admirably described in the lines addressed to him by Hirst:

> "The Lord of the Night goes by
> Not with a loudly whirring wing,
> But soft as a lady's sigh."

Moved by some spirit of diablerie he will sometimes alight for a moment and give utterance to the most horrid and unearthly shrieks, mingled with eldritch mutterings "like the gurgling groans of a murdered man," or the stifled screams of a person struggling with the night-mare. The appearance, and some of the habits, of this noble bird may best be gathered from a brief account of a splendid specimen which was recently in my possession. From its size (the female is the larger and more highly-colored among all birds of prey,) I judged it to be a female; it had been touched on the wing by a shot, and caught some three miles from my house, but recovered, perfectly, in a few days. It was as large as a well-grown turkey-hen, but when teased would erect all its feathers, as an angry cat does its fur, and swell out to double its natural size. The color was a rich, chocolate brown, shading on the lower parts into pale tawny, and beautifully marked about the head and throat with glossy black, relieved by a white

ring about the neck. The ear-feathers, or "horns," were usually kept erect, and in shape, somewhat resembled those of a yearling bull. It fed ravenously, after dusk, upon dead birds, squirrels, or anything else that was offered, and invariably managed to escape from its cage before morning, when it would be found sitting on the top of it, secured by the string which was fastened to its foot. I kept it about ten days, the cage being set on the grass-plot in front of the house. One morning, we were aroused about day-break by a grand concert, or rather palaver, just beneath the window. Three new voices were audible, consulting with the captive, and, as the event proved, devising means for his rescue. I went to sleep after listening to the conversation for over an hour, and on coming down stairs, found the cage empty, the string, which had so long secured him, still tied to the bars. A week after, the same person who had shot this owl, heard one in the same tree; he procured a gun, and as the moon was bright, easily brought down the bird. Upon examination, it was found to be the same one, being easily recognized by the cut which had been made on its leg by the string, and which was still very much inflamed.

As the Great Owl is the most destructive to poultry, which he will enter the fowl-house to secure, so is the little Screech Owl the most innocent. His ghastly wail is familiar to all, and although evidently his mode of expressing pleasure, is excessively unpleasant and depressing in its effect upon those, even, who attach to it no superstitious importance. But we should cheerfully submit to this annoyance, in consideration of the great quantity of mice, lizards, beetles, grass-hoppers, and other noxious vermin and insects, of which he rids our grounds. In appearance, this little fellow is a miniature of his enormous and truculent brother just described, but his colors are different, the old males being of a brick-dust red, with the under parts white, and the female being mouse-grey, marked with black and white. I once had one as a pet which afforded much amusement. It would sit on my arm on the very day of its capture, snapping its little bill at every dog or cat, and taking refuge from the sunlight in my sleeve, or under the back of my coat, exactly in the manner of a tame squirrel; it fed on small birds, and was very active and noisy at night, and finally escaped by flying from my arm across a stream, where I could not follow it. These birds are about the size of one's fist (in appearance) and if kept with clipped wings where there is no cat, make more efficient mousers than that animal, which is generally too well fed from the table to exhibit that activity, which hunger alone prompts all predaceous creatures to display. The habits of our little Screech Owl are strictly nocturnal, and for that reason, he is oftener heard than seen. Early in the morning, however, or on moon-light nights these birds may readily be called up to within a few feet of any one

who can imitate their cries, and this is easily done by blowing tremulously through the clasped fists.

The last of this family, which will engage our attention, is the Barred Owl, the most common and noisy of his tribe in all swampy localities. He belongs to the round-headed, or Hooting Owls, and is in apparent size, as large as an ordinary hen, although, like all other owls, when plucked of his thick coat of feathers, he dwindles to the bulk of a pigeon. This is the practical joker so famous for frightening nervous travelers by night; his usual cry is composed of eight distinct hoots, the last syllable being prolonged into a mournful and piercing wail. Sometimes, he gives utterance only to this last note, and then again to a laugh, so weird and shrill, as to make one's blood crawl. Of a still evening, or even during the day, in cloudy weather, these cries are bandied from one to the other, so as to induce the belief that hundreds of owls are carrying on a conversation of great importance, while the frequent shrieks of laughter which are re-echoed on every side, give the idea that some excellent jokes are passing. They prey chiefly upon small quadrupeds and nocturnal birds, and will often visit the hen-roosts and fattening coops, for the purpose of plunder. They are fond of frequenting ruined, or vacant, buildings, and there was an old church in South Carolina where one lived for several years in the organ, frequently sailing out during service, and taking up his position on the sounding-board above the pulpit, just over the head of the minister, and thus upsetting the gravity of the younger members of the congregation.

The Owl has always been regarded by the superstitious as a bird of ill omen, and has innocently given rise to a great deal of unnecessary distress and terror. There is no doubt that he is "the only and original" Banshee, and his amorous ditties, as he serenades the object of his admiring affection, have often been mistaken for the howl of the Wehr-Wolf, or the shrieks of some restless ghost. As an instance of those singular coincidences, which sometimes occur to feed the fires of superstition, I will relate the following from my own personal knowledge. Two gentlemen were one night sitting and reading in a country house, which had for sometime been unoccupied; the windows were all open, and two candles stood about the centre of the mantel-piece. Suddenly, a Barred Owl flew noiselessly into the room, and flapped out both lights with his wings. One of the gentlemen remarked at once, "If we were superstitious, that might make us uneasy," and then the matter was forgotten. The next morning they left for home, and before riding a mile, met a messenger who announced the unexpected death of a relative, and a few miles further on, they met a second with a similar piece of intelligence concerning another. It may be an appropriate sequel in the eyes of credulous marvel-lovers to state, that both these gentlemen died young and by vio-

lence. One of them was drowned while nobly trying to rescue a fellow-being from the waves, and the other filled a soldier's grave, in the equally fruitless effort to rescue from destruction, that which was far more precious than even many lives. But the birds are, happily for them, as careless as they are ignorant of all those shadows which chequer human experience with sadness, and their habits change not with the vicissitudes of the life of man.

All owls have a singular power of turning the head almost completely around, without the slightest effort, which has led to the popular jest of wringing off one's head by walking round his perch. The feathers of the neck are so loose that they retain their natural position, and as the bird looks steadily at you with his head reversed, it produces a ludicrous impression, that such is its normal situation. Another habit common to the tribe is that of disgorging large pellets composed of the hair, feathers, teeth, bones and other indigestible portions of their prey, and their mid-day retreats may often be discovered by the number of these *disjecta* lying on the ground around them.—They all build their nests in hollow trees or ivy-bowers, except the larger sorts which sometimes construct them of sticks and feathers, and all lay from four to six white eggs, globular in form like those of the Muscovy Duck. Young and old of all species click their bills angrily, when a dog or other object of their dislike approaches them. When shot, they generally remain for a while clinging to the perch by their strongly contracted talons. I have known a Barred Owl thus to seize in its death-throes the hand of a child, which could be extricated only with considerable difficulty. They move on the ground only by awkward hops, and almost invariably upon alighting on a tree, they instantly "about face" with a single hop.

And here, my dear reader, we will end our chat about our Nocturnal Birds. On another occasion we may meet again to while away a pleasant hour with some gossip in regard to those of our predaceous birds which commit their depredations by day, and if we become better acquainted, we may perhaps, from time to time, indulge in conversations about the various other classes of the feathered tribe, such as Game-Birds, Song-Birds, Birds Noxious or Beneficial to Agriculture, etc.

NOTE.—Since writing the first pages of this article, I have made an observation, which illustrates the unreliability of *positive* assertions, which are based upon *negative* evidence. I was tempted into the woods by the calls of the Chuck-Will's-Widow, while the light was still quite strong, and advanced towards the spot whence I heard the notes, until the bird observed me and became silent. Remaining perfectly quiet for a few minutes, I saw it flying towards me, and passing within a few feet of my face, it alighted upon the ground. I startled it again, when I saw it settle at some yards' distance upon the dead twig of a fallen tree, and ap-

proaching very near, saw a pair of these birds *sitting cross-wise* upon a *very small* branch. I watched them for some time, so near as to distinguish, with ease, the male from the female bird, and thus exploded the belief which I had always held, proving that the Goat-suckers *do not* invariably support their bodies lengthwise on a limb or tree. Audubon asserts this of the Whip-Poor-Will, and I had always observed it in the case of both our other Goat-suckers, but this single observation will doubtless apply to all, since such a habit would, probably, be a generic, rather than a specific, mark. The pair of birds, which I noticed on this occasion, flew in those graceful cuttings and windings through the air, which are peculiar to their tribe, and uttered, unceasingly, their strange, low purring, almost precisely like that made by the cat.

BABY.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

Of all the musical meanings rung
Round the tones of our mother tongue,
This has the sweetest, said, or sung,
Baby!

Heaven's handiwork fashioned fine;
Concrete where choicest charms combine;
Wholly human, yet half divine—
Baby!

Old as creation, yet ever new;
Sparkling as sunshine and fresh as dew;
The blessing of blessings, tried and true,—
Baby!

Pure as a plume from an Angel's wing;
Robed and sceptered, the household king;
Absolute despot, that helpless thing
Baby!

Tender tyrant whose tiny hands
Hold our heart-strings in triple bands;
Sways us with smiles, with a tear commands,
Baby!

Harmless monarch before whose frown,
Sages and white-haired men bow down;
Woman's glory, and cross, and crown,
Baby!

What is its magic? We analyze,
Seeking to compass the charm that lies
In whatever elements may comprise
Baby!

Imprimis, hands like a crumpled rose,
Plump pink cheeks, and a nondescript nose;
Wax white forehead and dimpled chin,
Honey-sweet mouth, not a tooth within;
Eyes, of whatever coloring, hid
Under the shade of each silk-fringed lid,
Black, blue, hazel, brown, grey, or green,
"The sweetest eyes that ever were seen!"
Head with a covering of furry hair;
Shoulders like swans-down—not quite so fair!—
Limbs with their fluctuant curves unmarred;
Nothing angular, harsh or hard;
Full of a beauty no words express;
Strong from its utter helplessness.
These concomitants, thus combined,
Constitute "Baby," we seekers find.
Still our searching has not revealed
Source of the wondrous power, they wield
Over our feelings, nor taught us how
The perfect peace of a baby brow,
So shames the furrows which time has set
Upon our foreheads; why we forget,
Beneath the beam of a baby smile,
Our cares and sorrows, and for a while,
Escape from our burden of pressing pain,

Become like a careless child again,
Then take up our troubles—not faint and worn—
But, strengthened in spirit and soul, go on.
May not the wonderful charm be shed
From the light of the Christ-child's manger bed?
May not the Baby of Bethlehem
Have placed the print of his diadem
—Seen by the Angels, unmarked by us—
On each of our cherished children? Thus
Making their frail humanity show
A reflex of him who came below,
Not with the splendors on Sinai shown,
Not to an earthly crown and throne,
Not with the whirlwind, and flame, and sword,
Not in the pomp of Creation's Lord;
But weak and helpless, and meek and mild,
Born in a stable, a baby child!
May not the Star of the Magi shine
Over our babies—yours, and mine?
Gilding their lives with its golden ray,
Banishing sorrow and sin away;
Teaching that heaven, from whence they came,
Keeps on our children its prior claim;
Warning our weakness, lest we lay
Too much treasure in moulds of clay;
Bringing before us, as life speeds on,
The dawn of the dreadful reckoning morn;
Tenderly urging us so to live
That we to our summons, this answer give,
As we stand by the shore of the Jasper Sea,
"I AND THE CHILDREN GIVEN ME!"

AN OLD MAN'S MEMORIES.

By the fire which is settling down in the dull redness of martyred coals, throwing its glare on the soft rug, and dimly lighting up the dark draperies of the room, sits an old man alone with his memories. The lights and shadows of the summer of his youth flicker and fall around him. Airy forms come dancing through the distance, and the echoes of long-ago melodies are mockingly sweet in his ear—they are gone—the flare of the last blaze is over—"Behold your house is left unto you desolate!" sweeps sadly into his heart.

Many, many years before, Allen Chesley left the old "ingle side," blithely and hopefully, for the great rushing world. Memory has limned in unfading colors the departure from the home of his youth—the fervent blessings of his single-hearted parents, sobbings of little Gracie and the "God bless you, Allen," of the big, rough brother.

He sprang from under the stoop when the last farewell had been given and taken, and without daring a glance at the group who watched him in sadness, walked rapidly till a turn in the road hid him from view.

He reached the wide-winding brook, crossed its rippling waters to the big rock beyond, then threw himself impetuously down to sob out the emotions of his heart. But more fleeting than the fragrance of the violet is the sorrow of the young, and ere the sun had sunk two degrees lower in its own splendor, his cap was tossed on high—"Excelsior!" rang from his lips and he was passing out of sight of the old homestead, the barn with its wealth of golden furniture, brown hills rough with the refuse of harvest, the beach-tree lettered from root to branch, the brook, the gurgling spring—all the old land-marks of his boyhood.

The old man looked at the wrinkled hand before him, then raised it to his head that had bravely met the wintry storms, felt the thin, grey locks that still clung faithfully to it, and slowly wandered between the years of them and now.

He smiled, and he remembered his bashful confusion in the hurrying crowd of the city, the shouts of the street vendors, and monotonous chants of the newsboys that rang perplexedly in his ears, his shy delight in gazing at the decorated shop-windows, rich in every arrangement of fancy. He had dreamed of all this, in his little cot, when the light of the moon crept through the chinks in the roof and laid its silvery touch on his face, and no sound broke the stillness of the night, but the scamper of the bold little mouse, under and over the loose planks of the floor, and the harsh chirping of the Katy-did in the big sycamore, that rustled its leaves in at the window.

Borne along by the ever-going

throng, still life behind, and the uncertain future before him, he drank in the wonders that far outshone the splendor of his dream. The Queen of Sheba did not view the treasures of Solomon with more delight and bewilderment.

How vividly appears the morning he called on the Professor, a warm friend of his father, before their paths in life diverged, with the letter of introduction safely in the pocket of the brown coat, that had cost his mother and the village tailor many anxious thoughts. His awe in the presence of so much knowledge, which changed to an enthusiastic affection, when the kind old Professor took him warmly by the hand and promised to do all in his power to advance the aspirations of the young neophyte, inquiring kindly after the Pylades of his youth. Then his college days unroll in panoramic order, marked by nothing save the hard course of study—lapses in the wild life of his associates—rescuing influence of the watchful friend, and the encouraging letters from home, breathing "onward and upward." All with the laurel-wreathed "Alma Mater," disappear in the distance.

He dwells, pleasantly, on his studies in the office of good Dr. Bronson. The steady dive into that science, which is so far behind her ambitious sisters. The flush of pride on receiving the well earned diploma of his profession, which affixed the honorable title of M. D. to his name.

Struggles and difficulties did not cease 'till his hair was threaded with white, and brow furrowed with care, he lets go by with a sigh—he does not want to live them over—beyond them is a face brightening here and lingering sadly there.

He is thinking now of Katie Bronson—the little girl with golden curls—the merry little sprite he helped the father to spoil, "Flitting fairy Lillian."

When patience and perseverance had overcome all obstacles, and fortune was holding out her horn of plenty, Katie Bronson had grown to be a lovely woman. He had watched the bud expand into the blooming flower, and never knew when he first placed her an idol in the penetralia of his heart.

"In the vast world, he only saw her face" so "delicately pure and marvelously fair." The old man took a locket from its abiding place, and gazing wistfully on the reflex of the only one, who ever had power to quicken the pulsations of his heart, softly said, "there is none like her, none." The dark blue eyes looked sorrowfully into his own, as they did on the day she told him to bury his hope. Oh why did he tempt his fate! He knew he was much too old for Katie, and was not showy and graceful like her young admirers. The deep love that had grown with giant strength was responsible for the venture. How vividly before him is the evening, it was made. He was going on a journey and called to bid her good-bye. How faithfully every detail is portrayed. The cheering light on the roseate hue of the furniture—the marble basket heaped with flowers of dying Autumn

—Katie, how beautiful she was with her clear cut face—two or three curls playing truant from their fastenings had fallen on the crimson shawl around her shoulders. He cannot recall the words through whose agency, he made known his great love for her, but when she told him her heart was another's, that it was given to one whom he knew was not deserving of the priceless jewel he had won, every letter was branded in ineffaceable characters which ring sadly to his ear. The clock struck eleven—he counted every stroke—they tolled the requiem of his hopes.

Out on the pavement—under the clouds that buried the star of his destiny, the "wee sma hours" left him as they found him, heart sore and aching. The years that followed had no pleasure in them, but the consciousness of duty done. Where are they all now, the friends of his youth? His eyes fill with tears.

Vases of freshly kept flowers mark the spot where lies Katie's broken heart, and far from it, in a foreign land, its tyrant is under the sod. The last of the little ones that clambered about her knee, he took from the dying mother's arms to his sheltering care—little Katie. On the green knoll, not far from the chimney stacks of the old homestead, sleep father, mother, Gracie and the brave, stout-hearted brother.—Gracie—how his heart yearns for the little girl he loved so well. Memories' leaves are wet with the dews of affection, and he closes the book—a noise and scuffle is heard from the hall. A childish voice is ringing, "I will kiss Uncle Allen good night, I will," and the little romp, Katie, rushes in. He clasps her in his arms, and murmurs,

"In the desert, a fountain is springing
In the wild waste, there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to my spirit of thee."

THE HAVERSACK.

Byhalia, Miss., gives a cavalry anecdote:

I belonged to the *horse* cavalry of old Bedford, so-called, in contra-distinction to the *foot* cavalry of old Stonewall. We *would* go out foraging sometimes, and our experience was very varied, and our success equally so. I never got completely put out but once, and that was by a good old country-woman, in Upper Georgia. I knocked at the door of a rather rude hut, and on being invited to enter, found the old lady of the house knitting a pair of socks, with her daughter carding by her side. She gave me a look partly benevolent, partly curious and partly forbidding, and then

broke in with the query:

You belong to a critter company, doesn't you?

Cavalry soldier. Yes, madam.

Old Lady. (Turning to her daughter.) Thar now, Lizer Jane, here's one of them critter company soldiers and me just done throwin' all the butter-milk to the yaller sow's pigs! A. R.

From Locust Bottom, Va., we get "some incidents and anecdotes of the mountains of Kentucky:"

The cavalry from the Cumberland Gap Department made an advance toward the Ohio, in the Spring of 1863, under the command of Gen. Humphrey Marshall. We did no unnecessary fighting. The object seemed to be to use up all the surplus grain in the country, and thus make all future raids upon the Salt Works of Virginia, an impossible thing, for troops coming by way of Kentucky.

As we were riding one day quietly from one corn-crib to another, I was joined in the rear of our howitzers by rather a forward, fearless-looking mountaineer, who said to me: "Mister, what do you call them things?" pointing to the howitzers. I replied, "them things, sir, are called the dogs of war or more classically the *purps*."

Mountaineer. Does you ever 'spect to hear 'em bark?

Myself. That's what we came for. I expect to hear them open beautifully on the *trail*, when our old General lets them loose.

Mountaineer. Whew! when your old Gineral lets them loose? Why, man, old Humphrey ain't after a fight. He's runnin' for Guvnor of Kentucky!

The wonderful conversational powers of the General made an impression, even upon the rude mountaineers. I remember that one of them, at whose house the General had staid for some time, was quite enthusiastic about this quality in our chief. He said to me: "just let the old gentleman have three or four slices of ham, a dozen eggs and other roughness to suit; then let him get a good sleep arter his meal, and when he wakes up, he's the most interestin' old fellow, you ever hern talk!"

The mountains were infested with bush-whackers. When we were in force, in any particular section, they kept themselves concealed. A couple of these desperadoes ventured to the road-side, and made an old woman cook up her last pint of meal for their dinner. Before they had used it up, our advance guard came in sight, and they ran. The old woman was as thorough-bred a rebel, as could be found any where. She took her position at the door to feast her eyes with the sight of our squadrons, as they passed. Her eyes glistened with delight as she joyfully exclaimed: "La, sakes!! 'Tis a sight in the world to see the calvary. Mister Marshall has got in his company from the corn-cribs and milk-houses!"

The mountaineers always called the cavalry, "calvary," and Gen. Marshall's forces were called "Mr. Marshall's company." On the other hand, the company of rebel rangers, under the gallant and efficient Captain Caudle, was usually called "Capt. Caudle's army."

The mountaineers did not keep their children as clean, as the abundance of pure fresh water would have permitted them to do. I had looked at dirty children until a clean one was to me what the cavalry was to the old woman, "a sight in the world." Happening on that sight one day, I was so delighted that I called a friend's attention to it. He said, "you are nearly as bad as Prof. H., of Christiansburg. He happened to see a clean baby in these mountains, and was so excited by the sight, that he dropped his musket, ran out of ranks, rushed into the house and kissed *the nurse.*"

During the Chickamauga campaign, we were ordered to Cleveland, Tennessee. Near that place, we passed the house of another old woman, who might have been the sister of the one in Kentucky, but she was not so patriotic.—Possibly, her anxiety to protect her pigs from rebel hands, cooled her patriotism. At least, she seemed more desirous to "save her bacon," than her country.

Old Woman. Where are you 'uns from?

Soldiers. From Virginia.

Old Woman. And is you 'uns come all the way from Ferginny on critter-back to fight for we 'uns? G. T. L.

Our next two anecdotes came from Galveston, Texas.

During the winter of 1863-64, while the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped around Orange C. H., Davis' brigade, consisting of four regiments of Mississippians, one of North Carolinians, and a Mississippi battalion, was stationed about two miles from the village. The adjutant of one of these regiments obtained permission one day, to visit some friends in the 4th North Carolina regiment. At that time, the plank road was being put in repair under charge of a major of engineers. As the adjutant was riding along, he saw ahead of him a working party under charge of a sergeant, who mistook him for the engineer officer, and cried, "fall in boys, here comes the major to put us to work." The adjutant felt quite complimented by the involuntary tribute, to his good looks and soldierly appearance. He would have felt still more elated, had he not heard one of the men mutter as he passed, "if that fellow's a major, then major-timber must be scarce where he was put up."

On the 10th of May, at Spotsylvania C. H., Heth's division under the immediate command of Gen. Early, temporarily in command of A. P. Hill's corps, was sent soon in the morning to regain the position, that the enemy had gained on our left. After driving the "blue coats" through two lines of breast-works and across two streams, they made another and more obstinate stand. Although the balls were flying very thick, Gen. Early was along our line in person, encouraging the men to drive the enemy from his last position. The "blue coats," however, held their ground tenaciously, and late in the day our men set up the cry, "out of ammunition!" The old General

rose up in his stirrups and in his shrill clear tones, shouted, "what of that? Damn it, cant you halloo? You can drive them by hallooing. Forward!" The whole line raised a shout and marched forward. The enemy broke before we got to their works and the battle was won. A. H. B.

Correction.—Owing to the absence of the Editor, the name of Capt. James S. Oden was incorrectly printed in our January number as Capt. John B. Ogden. We notice that two of our sterling Democratic exchanges, the Bellefonte *Watchman* and *Genius of Liberty*, (the first printed at Bellefonte, and the second at Union Town, Pennsylvania) have both copied from our Haversack the account of the atrocious conduct of Gen. Geary to Capt. James S. Oden. In justice to General Geary, it should be stated that he is "truly loyal," and that explains his cruelty and his timidity.

A Modest Darkey.—The uncompromising Union editor of this Monthly heard some negroes, at Atlanta, Georgia, revealing their ambitious aspirations, as follows:

Gumbo Squash. I'd jist like to be a 'ductor on de cars. De way I'd make de folks stan' round!

Cuffee Black. I never specks to be nuffin but 'ductor on de hand car, wid de crank in my hand!

If all the white Fetich were equally modest, the "machine would be run as they found it." But the most ignorant and debased creatures want to be conductors on the cars of State, and they are driving to destruction, as fast as the Father of steam can carry them!

Speaking of hand-cars suggests an anecdote, which our incomparable cavalry leader, Gen. Forrest, tells on himself. After his great cavalry fight, which turned Sherman back from Meridian, he and Gen. Stephen D. Lee took a hand car, at Columbus, Mississippi, and worked it themselves, to Gainesville, Alabama, to meet General Polk. They arrived at the latter place, thoroughly tired and broken down and sought a lodging where they might rest, and fix up their outer-man. They were ushered by the servant girl into the parlor, and they noticed that she would cast suspicious looks at them, while she affected to be dusting and airing the room. Her mistress called her, but she still hung about the room, watching the weary guests with hawk-eyes. A second call from the mistress had to be obeyed, and the Generals heard the faithful servant give the reason for not obeying the first call. "I'd a come sooner, mistiss, but, I clar deres two of de meanest lookin' white men in de parlor, I ever seed. I'se fraid to leave 'em dar by dey selves, dey might steal somethin'! Dey's eider Yankees or somethin' wus!"

F. Faunt Le Roy, Esq., of Belton, Texas, sends the next two anecdotes.

Here's your mule.—On our march to the field, we halted and remained several days in Houston county. While there our election

was held for several regimental offices, that of major among them. Five gentlemen aspired to that position. Industrious electioneering, as well as speech-making, was resorted to by the candidates. The interest waxed warm. I was not present, bnt was told the following incident occurred: After several speeches had been made, a certain one of the competitors—an ex-editor—mounted the stump and let off in fine style. He was making a good impression, when, unfortunately for him, he declared he had never before *ex*-pired to an office. Just at this crisis, a waggish fellow sang out, "*Here's your mule*," and the poor man on the stump subsided; he could say no more. Afterwards, he said to a friend, "you know that was only a slip of the tongue; and I should not have stopped, if that d—d fellow had not cried out, 'here's your mule.'" F. F.

The mule story suggests an incident of Missionary Ridge, which we are told is entirely authentic. When our troops began to give way and the Yankees were pressing them vigorously, a distinguished Confederate General dashed up to a body of soldiers, who were beginning to show symptoms of disorder, and cried "rally, my brave boys. Here's your General." A reb, who was slightly demoralized and considerably inclined to run, looked up at the General and replied, "and here's your mule on a quarter stretch!" and broke down the hill at thundering speed.

An old head on young shoulders.—Nothing was more offensive to those who entered the Confederate army, of their own accord, than to call them *conscripts;* and this class of soldiers never withheld their biting sarcasm or ridicule, when they met or passed those, who were forced into the service.

On one occasion a little boy, with a poor horse and droll-looking cart—altogether making a ludicrous exhibition—was passing one of our regiments, and of course many witticisms were uttered at his expense. He was silent for some time, but at length stopped his horse, coolly looked around, and asked, "What are you all down on me for? I had nothing to do with passing the conscript law!" The boys acknowledged they were beaten, and the little fellow drove on.

F. F.

From St. Louis, Missouri, the next five tit-bits have been dropped into the Haversack:

Twenty or thirty years ago, old Bob Maupin and Sammy Douglass were opposing candidates for the Legislature in B—— county, Kentucky. In the course of one of Maupin's speeches he said: "Why, bless your souls, my fellow-citizens, 'honesty is the best policy.' Ain't that so, Mr. Douglass?" Old Sam replied with his peculiar squeak, "I don't know, Mr. Maupin, I have never tried any of your d——d villantry!"

There was a certain Mose Aiken, who had some reputation at one time, as a revivalist preach-

er, in Kentucky, but who fell from grace by having that weakness, which has since been so characteristic of the carpet-bag preachers and the *fleshly-inclined* saints of the school of the Freedmen's Bureau. But when Aiken was in the hey-day of his glory, he was making an eloquent address one day, and had Sam Douglass as one of his hearers. "Take heed to what I say," cried Aiken, "I will be the Moses to lead you away from this sinful Egypt, right through the Red Sea of baptism, right through the wilderness of life, feeding you on heavenly manna by the way, right across the Jordan of death and into the blessed Canaan at last. Rise up and follow me!" Old Sam interrupted the eloquent speaker with: "No, I won't rise up, Aiken, and I won't follow you nother. It might turn out as it did before, only three or four of 'em got into Canaan and *the preacher war'nt among 'em!*"

Few officers in the Trans-Mississippi Department could *scare up* a better spread than Col. Dick M——, of — Missouri regiment. His always abundant and ever-varying larder seemed to be unaffected by the general scarcity of all good things. He, alone, had whisky long after commissary and medical supplies had been exhausted. This was a profound mystery to all who did not know the Colonel's black cook Jim, whose ability as a cook rivalled that of Soyer, and whose skill as a commissary fell but little below that of the renowned purveyor for Stonewall Jackson, Commissary General Nathan P. Banks! On one occasion, Jim had just performed one of those masterpieces of negro-cookery, in which the persimmon fed 'possum was baked into the potatoes and the potatoes into the persimmon fed 'possum, until the point of union was lost in racy fatness. Major Joe Smith was invited to dine with Col. Dick, and the good nature of the Major developed so rapidly under the influence of hot 'possum and cold whisky, that he was profuse in his compliments to Jim for his wonderful art as a cook and a purveyor. "Why Jim, you are almost as good a cook as my man, Johnny, but he can beat you in getting 'possum. He has the fattest, sleekest, biggest fellow I ever saw. Just come over to-morrow, Colonel, and compare Johnny's cooking with Jim's." Just then it occurred to Col. Dick to inquire of Jim, where he got the 'possum, and a development was made, which caused Major Joe to withdraw the invitation to dinner.

Col. Dick. Where did you get that 'possum, Jim?

Jim. Don't like to tell, Sah.

Col. Dick. But you shall tell. Did you buy him?

Jim. Not 'zackly, Sah.

Col. Dick. Did you steal it?

Jim. No, Sah, I is honest, I is. I comes by that 'possum, 'gitimate, Sah.

Col. Dick. Well, why the thunder don't you tell then?

Jim. Well, Sah, you see, Sah, me and Major Joe Smiff's man, Johnny, got into a little game of poker lass nite. I riz him a dollar, and he call me wid de 'pos-

sum, and we put de 'possum agin de dollar, and I win, Sah. But it warn't Johnny's fault, Mass Joe, 'cause I hilt fo aces, Sah, and Johnny done his level best, Sah. Dat 'possum, which you done eat and 'gested, Sah, was Maj. Joe Smiff's 'possum, but Johnny done he level best to sabe him, Sah!

Many reasons have been assigned for the failure of the Southern Confederacy. But this little story explains it better than all the theories in the world. The Yankee held four aces and Johnny Reb lost, though he did his level best!

Not much on music.—It became known in camp that a loved commander had returned to his brigade, after a protracted absence on account of a severe wound. The brigade band proceeded to serenade him, and of course, first played "Dixie," and then gave several repetitions of "Annie Laurie," known to be a great favorite with Gen. Mc. G.—and with all of Celtic descent. Of course, the General responded in "a neat and appropriate speech," full of patriotism and devotion to the good cause. All hearts were thrilled, and the musicians were charmed with his flattering compliments to their "sweet and soul-stirring music," till he concluded with "although my soul thrills to the sentiment and music of 'Dixie,' yet you will pardon me for regretting that you did not play 'Annie Laurie,' and knowing my Scotch descent, you will excuse me for my presumption in requesting that I may be favored with it before you leave!"

The town of W——, Missouri, has always engaged and merited the reputation for pluck. Its citizens made war upon carpet-baggers in Kansas, in 1854, seceded in '61, and went en masse into the Southern army. Just before the investment of Lexington, Missouri, by Price, a Yankee boat loaded with troops, and having a battery on deck was sent to reinforce the threatened point. The boys in W——, saw her coming and got ready a little nondescript used for towing wood-boats, mounted on it an old brass piece which had its mouth unfortunately twisted to one side, filled it nearly to the muzzle with powder, and rammed an old brick (not Pomeroy!) on top, and then steamed boldly out to have a naval fight, on the turbulent waters of "Big Muddy." The hostile fleets came bravely within a half a mile of one another. There was a hush of expectation! The ladies of W——, lined the banks, cheering husbands and lovers by their presence. The boys felt the inspiration and fiercely touched off the twisted brass thing. There was a fearful crash, old brass careened over and sullenly dropped into a watery grave. The brick thundered on, struck the water with a terrific splash—half a mile less twenty feet from the Yankee boat! The smoke rose up with appalling fury from the nondescript. The Yankees saw that the rebels were "terribly in earnest." They turned back their transport! The

naval battle did not take place and—Lexington fell!

J. A. W.

The loyal Fetich have been almost insane in their desire, to get up a *mensonge* as superb as the Preamble to the Reconstruction Bill of the loyal Congress. The thing is simply impossible. *That* can never be beat for humorous mendacity, jocular cruelty, merry malice,—all mixed up with premeditated murder and the contemplated destruction of ten States of the "glorious Union." The loyal Fetich have the will to do something, as grotesquely funny and atrocious, but they lack the brains as well as the power and the position. Still, they try to do their best, and they do sometimes get up a very respectable witticism, not so absurd and diabolical as the Preamble aforesaid, but sufficiently grim to bring a smile on the face of old Sooty, their father.

Brownlow's proclamations have a goodly flow of the murderous wit of the Preamble. The sermons of the loyal Father Pepper have the same rollicking *diabolism* in them. The frantic cries for loyal militia, from Fetich Chief No. 1, Fetich Chief No. 2, and Fetich Chief No. 4, remind us a good deal of the fiendish raillery of the Preamble. But the loyal Fetich should reflect that while a Jacobin in power is a tiger-monkey full of playful murder, the Jacobin out of power is simply a monkey full of very ridiculous tricks. Hence, when the Fetich, aforesaid, attempt something grandly wicked, they do something laughably absurd. The Fetich in North Carolina hate the University, because it has educated a great number of *gentlemen*. They intended to show their hate by something heroically tragic, but they have only succeeded in getting up an amusing farce. They have made Sol. Pool, President of the University, of North Carolina! O, ye loyal Fetich, the Haversack is your appropriate chronicler! Motley is your appropriate garb!

An Incident of Fredericksburg.—We have always been more desirous to get real incidents, than amusing anecdotes for the Haversack. Our design is to paint the Southern troops as they were. An anecdote will often do that better than an incident, and in that case, is always welcome.—We have recently received a vast number of incidents, and will give them the preference, other things being equal.

When Burnside, or rather his troops, (for he was a loyal and prudent man, and had a "powerful field-glass") crossed the Rappahannock on the morning of the 11th of December, 1862, two of Jackson's divisions (Early's and D. H. Hill's,) were at Port Royal, 20 miles below, and Lee's force was too weak to spare so large a body of men. It was, therefore, of the utmost importance to delay the crossing of the troops of Burnside, (he being at the Philips' house with his "powerful field-glass,") until the two divisions could be notified of the crossing, and brought up to take part in the engagement. Barksdale's

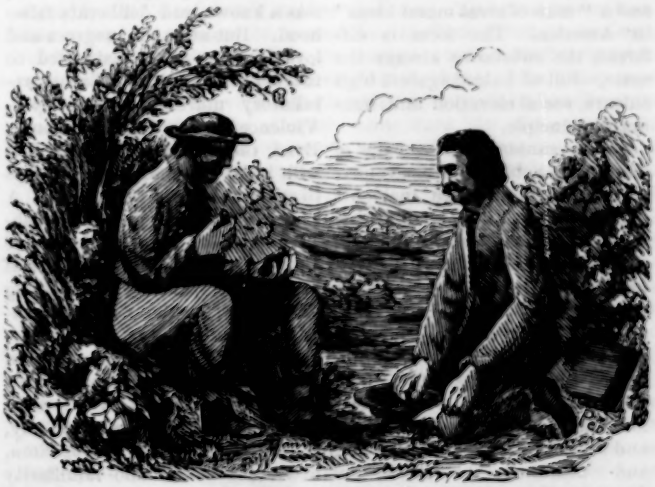
splendid brigade of Mississippians was entrusted with the duty of delaying the troops of him, with the "powerful field-glass," aforesaid. The heroic Col. John C. Fizer, of the 17th regiment, was directed to fire on the pontoons and prevent the completion of the three bridges, which had been begun at night. Nobly was that duty performed, and the enemy held in check until after nightfall. Through some unexplained delay, the absent divisions did not receive their orders till about sun-set, on the 12th. But, by marching that night, they reached the battle-field before the fight opened on the 13th.

The most terrible artillery fire, probably, of the whole war was opened upon Fizer's command, and the loss was fearful, but the men, under such gallant leadership, stood up to their work most manfully.

Col. Fizer led the forlorn hope at Knoxville, where he lost his right arm. His attack was completely successful, but unsupported.

Like all Confederates, he has gone to work, bearing about with him, that eloquent empty right sleeve. He is now in the house of Stewart, Galbreath and Fizer, of Memphis and New-Orleans, attending to business as closely as he once attended to the troops of the commander, who was too loyal to come in double cannon range of rebels.

THE FOOD QUESTION SETTLED FOR THE CAMPAIGN—1865.



BILL, of the — Regt. A. N. V., (contemptuously,) to TOM of the same.
"Talk about starving us out as long as blackberries lasts"—
TOM—"And after them comes huckleberries and these 'simmons."

EDITORIAL.

"History repeats itself," is a saying as true as it is trite. In every age, the same eternal principles of right are contended for, fought for, and oftener lost than won. In every age, the most stupendous crimes are committed in the name of God and liberty. In every age, the low and vile hate purity, goodness and refinement, and seek to drag down all to their own degraded level. In every age, hypocrites mourn over other people's sins and thank God that they are not like other men. In every age, the Jewish Pharisee has reappeared—a veritable Wandering Jew—as a Jacobin in France, a Puritan in England and a "man of great moral ideas" in America. The form is different, the substance always the same,—full of hatred against high culture, social elevation and honorable principle.

So we cannot read a page of history, or a chapter of biography, without meeting with incidents and characters in our own observation and experience. We find this true in the brief sketch given us of the travels and labors of the Apostle Paul. We are told that when he was at Thessalonica, "the Jews, which believed not, moved with envy, took unto them, *certain lewd fellows of the baser sort*, and gathered a company, and set all the city in an uproar, and assaulted the house of Jason." In no period of American history, have these "lewd fellows of the baser sort" been so violent and outrageous as at present. The Northern papers are teeming with accounts of manslaughters, riots and murders. We counted in a single paper, published in a State, "not lately in rebellion," the Governor's proclamations offering rewards, for no less than thirteen murderers. Violence is getting to be fearfully common in our section. When the Reconstruction Bill passed through both Houses over the President's veto, the South was the most profoundly quiet, orderly and peaceable portion of the globe. The Preamble to that Bill, setting forth the insecurity of life and property, at the South, was a known and deliberate falsehood. But after the negroes and loyal militia were instructed to murder inoffensive citizens, retaliatory murders sprang up.—Violence always begets violence. Even the worm under the foot will, in its dying agonies, attempt to sting or bite its destroyer. A system of violence once established under one form, will assume Protean shapes. Every species of lawless outbreak and wrong-doing will follow in the ranks of red-handed murder. It is our purpose to investigate the cause of the disregard for human life, now so awfully prevalent in all parts of the United States. Mullaly, in the New York *Metropolitan*, attributes it to the familiarity with blood, through the scenes and incidents of the war. We know not how it may be at the North,

but we feel sure that at the South, nine-tenths of the murders have been committed by those, who had not been in the service. We hardly think that it would be extravagant to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred have been committed by those, who occupied bomb-proofs during the war. There are three powerful reasons why the Confederate soldiers have not imbrued their hands in blood. First, they are brave, and brave men are always generous and magnanimous. The coward will kill his antagonist through fear of being hurt or killed himself. We once heard an old and eminent lawyer, in Virginia, say that nearly all the murders, or manslaughters, so-called, in his large experience, were the results of sheer, unmitigated cowardice.—Second, the Confederate soldier has proved his courage on scores of fields, and does not flare up and kill his antagonist, as does the street-bully, to vindicate his manhood. Third, the Confederate soldier is a worker wherever found, and busy men are not apt to get into frays. This brings us to the parallel of history.

If we turn to the Greek text, we will find that the original is "lewd fellows among the idlers," or more literally, "lewd fellows among the hangers about the forum and the market-place." Here is the explanation of a large proportion of blood-shed, in this once quiet country. *There are too many idlers.* These are the lewd fellows, who excite tumults, make uproars, assault the house of Jason and murder unwary antagonists. They now shun the hardships of work, as they once shunned the dangers of the battle-field. Having nothing to do, they are ready for riot, blood-shed and murder. Knowing that their war record is not honorable, they wish to establish their courage by threats, bravadoes and flourish of pistols, and if need be, by the killing of some defenceless, or at least, unprepared enemy.

In a defensive war, familiarity with death does not give an appetite for blood. The Southern soldier fought for home and fire-side, and not from lust of plunder or lust of fame. He has seen enough of blood-shed, and now in the seclusion of private life, he seeks for peace and repose. Nor is it true that the handling of arms begets a blood-thirsty disposition. There has never been a duel at West Point or an act of violence with deadly weapons, though boys, from sixteen to twenty, have been handling fire-arms there, for sixty years. We believe the same is true in regard to the Virginia Military Institute, and of all the Military Academies in the country. In fact, the handling of fire-arms is more apt to impart courage, and courage is always pacific. The Southern boy, who carried his gun as soon as he put on breeches, grew up to be a fearless and peace-loving gentleman.

The fiercest and blood-thirstiest of all the Jacobins, is the Hon. Charles Sumner, whom General Stone, U. S. A., spoke of as an "acknowledged coward." Next comes the Hon. Henry Wilson, who resigned his colonelcy, when

he heard that the rebels had killed Col. Baker. So we might go through with the whole long list of blood-thirsty poltroons. But one notable example will answer for all. The bloody fiend, Robespierre, was as timid as Governor Geary.

We have no hesitation then, in attributing the prevalence of murder to the idleness of cowards. The "lewd fellows among the idlers" are the wretches, who are draping the land in mourning. We believe that every Southern reader will confirm this statement. The soldiers, in their homely, but expressive way, said, during the war, that bullies and braggadocios had "played out" in the army. This pestilential class is still alive, for the best of reasons, none of them went where they could be killed. The practical question is, how to get rid of them and how to stop their murderous career. *The simplest plan is to have vagrant laws in every State.* Punish idleness as a crime, and bloodshed will cease at once. The first Legislature, which met in South Carolina, after the surrender, passed vagrant laws. But the Fetich abrogated those laws, as an act of *self-protection!* In the absence of such laws, society could do much to stop cowardly murder, by frowning upon the idler and regarding him as a prospective murderer.

A Mystery.—Mr. D., of Lebanon, Texas, sent us a twenty dollar bill on the State Bank of South Carolina, and it came to our office without having the envelop broken! Now we have been frequently robbed of Postal orders and checks on National Banks, and as for green-backs, bless your life! they can't get through the blockade at all. Why then was this note allowed to escape unchallenged? Did the odor of Sumter and the first shot at the "dear old flag" pollute the note and offend the nostrils of ye loyal men? *Quien sabe!*

A State without Officers.—The loyal McClurg, who has been elected Governor of Missouri by one-third the population, declares in his Message, that no rebels and no rogues shall hold office in Missouri. We are not suprised that a loyal man, like McClurg, should proscribe rebels, but it seems strange that he should exclude his own party also. Perhaps, he thinks that the loyal Fletcher might have made a few millions more, had he not spoilt the spoils by long division with his followers. Profiting by the mistake, he will have the fat offices all to himself.

Truly Loyal.—Many hard things are said of the Washburne family, but their loyalty is above suspicion. Gov. Humphreys, of Mississippi, tells us that H. D. Washburne, Colonel of the 18th Indiana regiment, stole his magnificent library, and the money and silver-plate of his father-in-law, Mr. Maury. The pious chaplain of the same regiment, like a good soldier, aided and abetted his superior officer in the robbery aforesaid. Loyal men every where will honor Colonel Washburne for his "short, sharp

and decisive" treatment of rebels, and they will mourn with increased penitence over the sin of rebellion.

Mr. Van. R. Ellis, of Memphis, Tennessee, states that he was in the cars, at Chattanooga, Tennessee, just after the surrender, when some negro soldiers, headed by a white lieutenant, entered the cars and robbed some ladies in broad day-light, cursing them in the vilest manner. The town was then heavily garrisoned by Federal forces. Wendell Phillips says that the war brought the civilization of the North down to the South. Is this what he means?

Sorghum Sugar.—We have examined several specimens of brown sugar, made by the Louisville (Ky.,) Sorghum Company, and could not distinguish the taste from that of the cane sugar. The crystalization of the Sorghum juice is a wonderful discovery and must be attended with most important results. The sugar can be made for from 6 to 8 cents per lb., and the syrup from 26 to 28 cents per gallon. The whole outfit, for mills, pans and machinery, of a sugar factory will not exceed $500. So that almost any farmer can make his own sugar, who has bought the patent. It is estimated that the crop of sorghum will be worth from $80 to $90 per acre to the farmer, who does his own manufacturing.

It is a little singular how many elements of destruction for the poor negro were developed by the war inaugurated by the Abolitionists, through their hatred of the negro's master. It used to be contended that the world could not do without sugar, and that sugar could only be made by the negro. The Abolition war of hate and envy, which cut off the Louisiana sugar from both belligerents, turned attention to sorghum, and we see the result. We regard this discovery as another omen of the negro's extermination.

Imitative Loyalty.—The loyal citizens of Brownlow's Kingdom are imitating the loyal Congress of the best Government the world ever saw, in establishing "rings," which may encircle some of the good things of the Treasury. We learn from our valued contemporary, the Jackson *Whig*, that the loyal Tennesseeans have made one Colonel Waters, a General Claim Agent to report damages done to the loyal people, aforesaid, by abolition and rebel forces. This Col. Waters has gone to his work *con amore*, and has gathered with vast labor, the statistics of damages in every neighborhood in the State. The total estimate of losses is $6,402,365.61.

There are some remarkable things in this Report of Colonel Waters, and without knowing the fact, we presume that he was educated in Washington, or at least went there to be polished. For instance, he reports the losses in one county, Carter, to exceed by $145,411, the taxable property (exclusive of negroes and lands, not included in the estimate of losses) as shown by the census of 1860.

We annex a comparison of the loyal losses in nine counties, with the taxable property in the same counties. If the loyal men in these counties receive the damages claimed by the judicious Waters, they can each say with good King David, "it is good for me that I have been afflicted!"

Counties.	*Taxable Prop'ty.*	*Loyal Losses.*
Anderson,	$95,435	$56,862
Campbell,	40,931	57,698
Claiborne,	73,662	106,269
Cocke,	56,169	179,559
Hancock,	32,511	68,425
Johnson,	31,873	67,430
Morgan,	11,606	23,366
Scott,	1,235	64,302
Union,	38,977	72,635

Our Contributors.—It is proper to state that the Address of Gov. Vance was delivered two years ago, though it is now published for the first time. The penal code of North Carolina is not now, as it was at the time of the delivery of the Address. When the loyal Fetich came into power, they abolished whipping, branding and the pillory. This was, partly, from sympathy with their class, but, chiefly, from prudential considerations of personal safety! They have substituted the Penitentiary for all the old-fashioned modes of punishment. They had a double object in view. First, they bought 8,000 acres of land, for the penitentiary grounds, for $4,000, and sold them to the State for $100,000. Second, they look to the penitentiary to furnish them an appropriate retirement in the decline of life.

We begin with this issue, an admirable series of sketches, by Gov. Perry, of South Carolina. They embrace the most distinguished of his contemporaries. Each sketch is complete in itself, and independent of all the others, but the entire series will last for more than a year.

No man, at the South, is better qualified for such a task than Gov. Perry. His acquaintance was long and intimate with the subjects of his sketches, and his estimate of their characters is always based upon personal knowledge. We, of course, do not endorse his views. In fact, our reverence for the memory of Mr. Calhoun is almost unbounded.

Looking Ahead.—The Harpers evidently, have faith that there is "life in the old land yet," at the South. After libeling our section for eight years, with scurrilous articles and scandalous caricatures, they have permitted one J. W. De Forrest to say some kind things about the "chivalrous Southron." That the dose might not offend the loyal stomach, Mr. De Forrest was instructed to mix it up with the more savory compounds of venom and slander. He has accomplished his delicate task with a great deal of skill. He has said enough to flatter the easily gulled "chivalrous Southron," and said it in such a way as not to disgust the loyal soul. The Harpers will now have a great run at the South, and will loose none of their patronage at the North, save with the extreme wing of the saintly army, who were too busy in repenting of Southern sins to go in the way of rebel bullets.

One scheme of iniquity after another has been devised to crush

the South, and tens of thousands of our people have gratified the Jacobins by leaving the land forever. We have always tried to hope that the madness of the fanatical hate could not last forever, and that there were wise and good men enough, at the North, who could see the folly of placing the destinies of ten States in the hands of ignorant negroes, unprincipled adventurers and thievish renegades. We have all along tried to believe, that the Fetich rule could not last long enough, to make an utter wreck of every thing at the South. This article in the Harpers confirms our faith. If they thought that the work of ruin was to go on, wood-cut and steel-plate would have to do double-duty in throwing odium and ridicule upon our people. The "chivalrous Southron" will be immensely gratified by the *amende honorable* of these loyal publishers, and Harper's Monthly will be taken by him, who is "too poor" to take a Southern paper published in his own town! If the cotton crop of 1869 prove a failure, will we hear from Mr. De Forrest again? Vive la humbug!

Cheap Lands.—We have all along contended, that the object of the Reconstruction measures was three-fold. First, to secure the perpetuity of rogues in office, through the negro vote. Second, to gratify the hate towards the South of the mean and revengeful, who were too cowardly to confront rebel bullets. Hence these measures have been condemned with singular unanimity by the brave men of the Federal army. They have been approved by such men as Kilpatrick, who cannot tell the truth when it would answer his purpose as well as a falsehood; by the cruel and dastardly Geary: by Commissary Gen. Banks; by Burnsides, with his "powerful field glass;" by Butler, who kept beyond cannon range of his own troops when in action; by the hatless hero of Vienna; and by the whole vengeful and cowardly miscreants, who staid at home to "fire the loyal heart" and—grow rich by shoddy contracts. Third, to make life and property so insecure at the South that our rich cotton, rice, sugar and tobacco lands, would become so depreciated in value, that loyal men might come in and get them for a trifle.

All three of these motives were at work, and all helped to elect Grant. Some were influenced by one of them and some by another. The first motive operated on the mind of the office-holder; the second on the mind of the envious and the fanatical; the third influenced the speculator and the adventurer. All the carpet-baggers, all the strolling agents of the infinite variety of diabolical associations in the name of religion and philanthropy, all the traveling speakers from Henry Wilson, down as low as W. D. Kelley, of Philadelphia,—all have gloated over the magnificence of Southern rivers and water-falls, the astonishing fertility of Southern soil and the marvelous wealth of the mineral products of the South.

Providence, surely, intended these good things for loyal men, and if he has made the mistake

of giving them to rebels, it would be a noble and Christian act to correct His error and *restore* them to the saints. In this spirit of restoration, have been all the acts and declarations of the party in power. They have written articles, made speeches, and enacted laws—all designed to drive the Southern people into strange lands, in order that the true Israel might come in and take possession. Forney's paper, the *Chronicler*, teemed every week with accounts of rebel outrages, and supported all the atrocious measures of oppression. The loyal Forney has had his reward. He and his associates have been able to buy vast tracts of land in North Carolina for a mere trifle. Timid as he is, he traveled through the State and encountered no bush-whacker and saw no Ku-Klux. On the contrary, the loyal Fetich of Raleigh blacked his boots, kissed his great toe and entreated him to spit upon them, or at least, favor them with a kicking. If Forney had believed his own published statements, would he have made such large investments among rebels? Would he have ventured his precious body among them? How emphatically does his own action brand with falsehood the gross calumnies of his paper! Sprague, of Rhode Island, (we came near inverting the sentence and writing Rhode Island of Sprague,) has given his hearty and cordial support to all the measures for expatriating the Southern people, and making their lands valueless. But Sprague of Rhode Island has gone to the very heart of the rebellion, even to South Carolina itself, and there purchased sites for mills and factories.

A regard for consistency, if not for decency, ought to make these men, who are now landed proprietors at the South, stop their falsehoods about rebel outrages and expunge from their statute books the infamous slander about the insecurity of property at the South. Sprague is welcome, for he comes with machinery and artisans. Forney is welcome. He has set all the loyal monkeys to bowing and grimacing. We have enjoyed his visit, as much as the school-boy enjoys the menagerie. If he has got cheap lands, we have had a cheap monkey show! O ye loyal Fetich! your apish ways are vastly amusing!

Rebel Teaching.—Harper's Weekly expresses surprise that the South has not rebelled again, considering "the sort of vermin that has been sent down to rule it." This is very severe upon Prosser, Powell Clayton, Warmoth, R. K. Scott, Abbott, Tourgee, and Co. It is very unjust too. They are simply the representative men of the party of great moral ideas, like Ben. Butler, Ben. Wade, Cuffee Mayo, Gumbo Squash, Schuyler Colfax and Fred. Douglass. As an uncompromising Union editor, we cannot fail to rebuke this rebel teaching of the Harpers, and to indignantly repel the assumption that the Fetich rulers sent down here are any more verminish than those left behind. We will not permit strangers to insult our dignitaries.

A Good Time Coming.—We venture to repeat our prediction and we will give two reasons for it. First, we have never known a man to be perpetually drunk, though we have known some to make a very near approach to it. The country has been drunk, for eight years, with fanaticism, sectional hatred, roguery, infidelity and diabolical schemes of philanthropy having their root in deadly hostility to God's word of truth. This state of beastly intoxication cannot last forever. The North will see at last that though loyalty is a good thing, it is a very expensive luxury to keep five hundred thousand thieves in office. They will see, too, that their prosperity is very closely linked with that of the South, and that though, it is a very refreshing thing to weep over Southern sins, it pays much better to have the spindles of the loyal North humming in the consumption of Southern cotton. Self-interest will make the drunk man sober, and we can then appeal from Philip drunk to Philip sober, and ask for wiser legislation, which will repay the legislators a hundred fold. Second, we have never known a monkey-show last forever. How often have we thought that the grinning and the dancing stopped too soon! It is nothing now but a big monkey-show at the South. Negroes taken from the corn-field, are playing at the game of lordly legislators, mayors, aldermen, magistrates, judges and jurors! White men, who can't write their own names, and can't tell the number of months in the year, are filling the highest offices in the land! No monkey-show was ever half so farcical, none was ever so grotesquely absurd. The whole Fetich system of the South, legislative, judicial and executive, suggests but one thought, and that is of the monkey picking up the coppers around the street-organ, looking very wise and solemn all the while, and tucking up his tail, as well as he can, in his red flannel trowsers, that he may not appear to be a monkey!! The thievish Freedmen's Bureau has represented the hand-organ, the loyal Fetich have been the monkey. When the hand-organ ceases to *grind*, (ah! what a grinder it has been!) the coppers will no longer be thrown down. The red breeches will wear out, and not be renewed, and the monkey will be revealed in his veritable and caudaline proportions. Then the good time will have come!

Apologetic.—We stated some time since, that one of the Fetich judges in North Carolina was a convict, who had served his term in the penitentiary of *Maine*. We have been corrected and informed that he was really from the penitentiary of *Ohio*. We beg pardon of His Honor, and wish him a safe and speedy return to his residence!

Amazing Folly.—From our valued exchange, the Augusta (Geo.) *Chronicle*, we clip the following table:

Northern States.	No. Mills.	No. Spindles.	No. lbs. Cotton used yearly.
Maine,	22	433,800	28,838,008
New Hampshire,	37	734,460	48,089,439
Vermont,	12	24,138	1,041,125
Massachusetts,	140	2,527,822	134,568,652
Rhode Island,	124	1,062,624	50,742,373
Connecticut,	76	527,816	29,425,720
New York,	43	410,070	20,515,044
New Jersey,	15	133,840	6,885,000
Pennsylvania,	94	367,856	33,853,004
Delaware,	8	43,108	3,038,280
Maryland,	10	39,358	9,929,788
Ohio,	5	22,834	3,170,000
Indiana,	1	10,800	1,500,000
Missouri,	4	13,436	2,475,000
Total North,	591	6,151,962	373,071,433
Southern States.			
Virginia,	10	36,060	4,010,000
North Carolina,	15	21,112	3,009,000
South Carolina,	6	31,588	4,174,100
Georgia,	20	69,782	10,864,350
Alabama,	8	25,196	2,820,596
Mississippi,	5	6,924	1,145,000
Texas,	6	8,528	1,372,104
Arkansas,	2	924	258,400
Tennessee,	9	11,720	1,597,200
Kentucky,	3	6,264	1,075,009
Total South,	84	218,098	30,325,759

It will thus be seen that the North has seven times as many mills as the South, and that the Northern mills consume twelve times as much cotton.

We *must* multiply our kinds of industry or go to the wall. All the advantages of manufacturing are on our side. We have the raw material at our door. We have the finest water-falls in the world, and our rivers are not closed up a single day in the year. Fuel is cheap and abundant, expensive woolen clothing is not necessary for the operatives, and the cost of living is below that at the North. The slave labor of the South built up these mammoth factories of the loyal North, and the Honorable Charles Sumner and the Honorable Henry Wilson speak, with reason, of the "two hundred years of unrequited labor." For they have given the negro only a few cheap tears and the curse of freedom. When the subject of giving dollars has been broached, they have squeezed their silver coin, until, as in mockery, the figure of the Goddess of Liberty has been left printed in the palms of their own hands, instead of in those of the poor negro.

But if the North has grown rich through her factories with every thing against her, the South ought to grow doubly rich with every advantage in her favor. We

must abandon the old fogy routine, vary our industrial system, develop our own resources, work up our own products, and march steadily on to wealth and power, spite of Fetich and Jacobins.

BOOK NOTICES.

AMONG THE ARABS, A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN ALGERIA: BY G. NAPHEGYI, M. D. A. M., LIPPINCOTT & CO., PHILADELPHIA:

The author of this work is by birth a Hungarian, but a long course of travel, and adventure—years of desperate experience, and hard conflict with the world, have made him emphatically a Cosmopolitan.

With no prejudices of caste, or creed, he is prepared to view the customs, and habits of all nations with philosophic impartiality. And then, nature has gifted him with keen powers of observation, a genial temperament, and not a little of that genuine humor, without which a traveler who tells the story of his adventures, may be wise, learned, instructive, perhaps, but never agreeable.

Some few marks of exaggeration, the present volume displays, but there is not a dull page, hardly a dull *sentence* in it. The picture of Arab society, and government is vivid in the extreme. We behold a people, bound down by the iron laws of a superstitious formalism, and a narrow system of prescription,—yet, in themselves impulsive, passionate, eager, and under the surfaces of conventional reserve, possessing aspirations of the noblest order.

But still, these Arabs, like all Mahommedans, are essentially Barbarians.

The *Marabouts*—or Saints of their religion, are invested with almost absolute authority, and influence over the masses, and this authority, it is, which fights against the amelioration of Christian manners, and a Christian polity to-day, as it *has* fought against them for centuries past!

If the existence of the Arab be—according to *our* views—low, and restricted, it is at least picturesque. The Patriarchal age reproduces itself among the inhabitants of Algeria, and Barbary.

There, and *only* there, perhaps, can we see the ancient Emir, or Chief of a Tribe, reclining at four score, under the shadow of immemorial palms, enjoying the cool of evening, or it may be, awaiting death, in a trance of anticipated rapture.

The religious epochs, and ceremonies of the Arabs, are fully described by our author. He tells us, that the Fast of Ramadan lasts thirty days.

During that time, the sincere Mahommedan observes a rigid abstinence from sunrise to sunset;

but immediately *after* twilight, he sits down with his family to a feast of equal delicacy, and abundance!

The evening concludes with music, dancing, theatrical performances, and all sorts of games.

Dr. Naphegyi's book contains an interesting, and no doubt authentic, biography of the celebrated Abd-El-Kader. He was born in 1808, and on the *same day* that witnessed the birth of the present Emperor of the French. But the Emir cannot boast of princely blood. His father was Mahiddin, a Marabout of the Hachem tribe, near Mascara, and belonged to a clan, distinguised equally for scholarship and sanctity.

Abd-El-Kader received the best education his country could afford. He was versed in all the traditions of the Elders, and doubtless, would have ended as a Marabout himself, and died "in the odor of sanctity," had not circumstances proclaimed him chief of the inflamed, enthusiastic hosts that were thronging to the defence of their country, and as permanent Emir of Mascara.

In this office, his abilities at once made themselves manifest.

He taught his followers to disregard the fire of artillery,—to meet European arms, and European discipline with calm, and confident courage, so that in little more than a year after his access to power—his supremacy was acknowledged by all the tribes, between the confines of Morocco, and the river CHELIF!

But let us descend from history, to personal experience.

Our author details his sufferings upon various occasions, from heat, hunger, the importunity of beggars, and worse than all, the demands of professional robbers!

Yet all these trials dwindled into insignificance before the horrors of a Moorish bath!—After having been reduced to a condition, *puris naturalibus*, our author was led into a large Hall, with the atmosphere of 110dg. Fahr. Then followed a series of terrific operations!

He was rolled, and scraped, and pounded—pounded, scraped, and rolled into a condition resembling frenzy, after which the Moorish High Priest of the bath would catch him in a playful way, punch his chest, skate down his back with bare feet, and perform all sorts of gymnastic *divertissements*, which to the executioner were amusing, and to the victim exquisite torture!

Of course, there are in the book far pleasanter descriptions than the foregoing.

We are introduced to a young Moorish bride, for example, with eyes dark as those of a Houri, and fairy feet, encased in gold—embroidered slippers—around her taper ankles are rings of gold, flashing with turquoises, and from head to toe, she gleams a vision of loveliness, and—diamonds.

In brief, this portion of his subject, enables the writer to revive for our amusement, the gorgeous scenes of "the Arabian Nights"—and we rise from the perusal of his volume with a conviction that the weird, marvelous Orient of to-day, is but little changed from the charmed Land of our childhood:

"When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free,
In the silken sail of infancy,
And many a sheeny summer morn
Adown the Tigris we were borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,—
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haround Al Raschid!"

"THE SOUTHERN AMARANTH,—Edited by Miss Sallie A. Brock: (Wilcox & Rockwell, Publishers, (New York,) is a compilation, the design of which was conceived in a desire to offer some testimonial of gratitude to the memories of those, who perished in the late effort for Southern independence,—as well as in a wish to render Southern women help in gathering up the remains of the Confederate Dead.

An object so patriotic, religious,—nay, almost *sacred*, forestalls, it must be acknowledged, anything like honest, impartial criticism upon the nature of the compilation itself.

Miss Brock's *purpose* is *so* praiseworthy, that how *can* we dwell harshly upon her short-comings in its execution?

Yet, truth compels us, most reluctantly to say, that of all the collections of Southern War Poems, issued since the conquest of our section, this is the *least* satisfactory, not, perhaps, in regard to the selection and arrangement of the pieces, but in reference to the hopeless corruption of the text!

Assuredly, some "Imp of the Perverse" must have presided over the proof-reading of the ablest, the most characteristic productions in the book!

Whole stanzas are reversed, entire lines are omitted, and such is the undistinguishing murder committed upon metre, rhythm, and language, that the meekest Joseph of a poet might be pardoned for indulging in certain expletives more emphatic than euphonious! As for the proofs of this charge—we find ourselves troubled only by an "*embarrass de richesse.*"

Were we tempted to begin a practical demonstration of it, space and patience would alike fail us.

That Miss Brock herself cannot be held accountable for such typographical enormities, we suppose may be admitted,—but it is certain that they detract from the value and authority of her compilation to a degree, which it would be difficult to exaggerate!

DALLAS GALBRAITH. By Mrs. R. H. Davis: Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia:

A tale of singular force, of marked originality.

The glamor of its interest, and power fresh upon us, we cannot refer to it without a certain feeling of enthusiasm: for in "Dallas Galbraith," Mrs. Davis has contributed a genuine, let us rather say, a consummate work of art to the literature of her country.

The freshness, the saliency, the creative skill, and the noble *morale* of her novel, have, we confess, taken us completely by surprise!

It is true that her former fictions—"Margaret Howth," and "Waiting for the Verdict," *were* able performances,—(although defaced in our view, by certain crotchets and philanthropic vagaries,)—but nothing from her pen had prepared us to expect a pro-

duction so masterly in every important respect, as the present.

The plot of "Dallas Galbraith" we have not the space even to indicate. We must, however, remark, that it is managed with consummate tact, and that the chief personages, especially the characters of the hero and his grand-mother,—are among the most successful and striking in recent fiction.

As for old Madame Galbraith, she seems to step boldly out from the shadow-land of imagination, and to stand before us, a figure, massive, grand and real: her very prejudices, narrowness and cruelty of judgment, enforcing our respect, from the passionate earnestness, which originated and sustains them!

Of the subordinate individuals of the drama—and really the book is *more* of a drama than novel,—there is scarcely one we can forget, so boldly and vividly have the distinguishing traits and temperament of each been portrayed.

Lizzy, the self-sacrificing woman, devoting her whole life to restitution and atonement,—the blatant scoundrel, Ladoun, making his worst vices the theme of self-gratulation, and self-applause; Honora, the delicate, fastidious girl, to whom each round of the ladder of misfortune forms but a step in the upward progress of moral and spiritual culture, the sensitive uncle Galbraith, in such sharp contrast with his uncompromising wife,—all are drawn with a firm hand, and with that elaborate, artistic conscientiousness, which proves how thoroughly sincere the author is, and with what graphic *vraisemblance* the entire narrative embodied itself to the vision of her genius.

The *moral* of "Dallas Galbraith," never obtruded through the medium of homily, but permeating, so to speak, the heart and fibres of the characterization, is majestically impressive.

It is briefly, that spiritual truth, it behooves us all to learn, that underneath the crust, or outside show of circumstances, however dark and appalling, roll forever the clear streams of God's justice, beneficence and mercy!—that, (to change the metaphor,) as some "strange flower upon the peak of the Sierras, may be evidence of immutable Law, so in the story of the humblest man, there is no such thing as Chance, that God is sovereign under the hardest mortal event, and that God is good!"

THE SUMTER AND ALABAMA, OR MEMOIRS OF HIS SERVICES AFLOAT DURING THE LATE WAR. By Admiral Semmes. Baltimore: Kelly & Piet, Publishers:

An absorbing narrative of adventure, which cannot fail to find its way to the hands of readers everywhere, both in England and America. We have always regarded its author—the "Stonewall Jackson of the seas," as a gallant, accomplished, indomitable sailor, but these vivid Memoirs have served to increase our admiration ten-fold. They are written with a spirit and enthusiasm, calculated to stir the dullest heart, to inflame the most sluggish brain and blood!

Herein, are recorded all the

experiences, the "hair-breadth escapes," the desperate stratagems, the noble conflicts against odds,—an entire Ocean drama of hardihood and peril, with the waters of two Continents as the theatre of display, and finally the sinking into gloom and darkness of that "meteor flag," which had so long affrighted the souls of Yankee skippers, and defied the armed squadrons of the haughtiest naval Power on earth.

It is indeed a history of which unfortunate Confederates may be proud, to the third and fourth generation.

The Memoir is not egotistical. No shallow vanity deforms its pages. On the contrary, our generous Admiral gives to every officer who served under him, his due meed of recognition and applause. And, interwoven with the main narrative, are many graphic episodes relating to the customs of foreign countries, to climatic phenomena, to personal, often amusing *conte*, and finally, to certain grave questions, which frequently presented themselves for decision upon points of international law.

The first chapter of the work, entitled, "an historical retrospect," discusses with temperate clearness and unusual logical force, the doctrine of Secession, and we think it must be allowed by the most bigoted advocate of Consolidation, that the author exhibits a rare knowledge of his subject, and that his argument, from first to last, is singularly free of *ex parte* statements, and the petty prepossessions of the mere partisan.

Not the Admiral's *logic*, however, though excellent, but his splendid word-paintings, seize upon and rivet attention!

With these, the book abounds.

We particularly note the description of the Sumter's escape in the Gulf,—the burning of "The Golden Rocket"—the adventure at Puerto Cabello, the capture of "Arcade and Vigilant,"—a conflagration between Europe and Africa—and lastly, the famous fight off Cherbourg, between "the Alabama" and "the Kearsarge"—forming the topic of the 53d chapter, which the reader should especially study, if he desires to learn how completely under the repressive tyranny of the United States Government, all generosity and sense of justice was stifled in the hearts of its officials,—and how the Yankee captain, victorious through fraud and cunning, left his gallant foes to perish in the waves, after "The Alabama" had struck her flag, and had sunk to the bottom of the channel.

The typography of the *Memoirs* is exceedingly elegant, and the illustrations, comprising chromolithographs and steel-engravings, add greatly to the charms of the text.

In fine, Admiral Semmes' work is the most important and valuable publication of the season.

THE SOUTHERN REVIEW, VOL. V. NO. IX., A. T. Bledsoe, Publisher and Proprietor: Baltimore, Md.:

The South ought to cherish and be proud of this able, conscientious and scholarly Review. From

its initial number to the January issue, now before us, it has been a consistently vigorous, learned, and suggestive periodical,—a truly representative organ of the opinions and culture of our people.

Compared even with the old standard Quarterlies of Great Britain, the "North British," "Edinburgh," and "Westminster," "The Southern Review" has really nothing to be ashamed of; on the contrary, it eclipses, in force and brilliancy, some of the recent numbers of those world-famous productions, exhibiting a peculiar freshness of spirit, and uncompromising boldness and logical acumen, in the advocacy of what we must regard as just principles, which has extorted the admiration of the bitterest enemies of our section.

The January issue contains no less than ten articles, none of them destitute of ability, and several (such as the *leader*, on "the Great Error of the 18th Century," and the essay on "Waterloo,") distinguished by uncommon force of reasoning and a spirited appositeness of illustration.

The latter paper is noteworthy, because of the sagacious comparison instituted between the great campaigns of Wellington and our own illustrious Lee.

The author demonstrates among other singular facts, that General Lee with a force not so large as the Anglo-Portugese regular army which Wellington had under him, when he encountered Massena, in 1809—"*in the space of* 28 *days, in three battles*, killed and wounded more men than Wellington ever killed and wounded during his whole career, from Assaye to Waterloo, both inclusive!!"

Dr. Bledsoe, who undertook the establishment of this Review at a period of discouragement and difficulty, should be warmly congratulated upon the success of his patriotic enterprise.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"THE RING AND THE BOOK, (in 2 vols.) vol. 1st, By Robert Browning: Fields, Osgood & Co. Boston.

CAPE COD, AND ALL ALONG SHORE, STORIES. Harper & Brothers.

CHARLES DICKENS' WORKS, (illustrated) 1st vol. Fields, Osgood & Co. Boston.

AMONG THE HILLS, By I. G. Whittier. Fields, Osgood & Co. Boston.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

TWELVE TIMES A YEAR is a new magazine just started at Louisville, Kentucky, by Ed. Porter Thomson. The admirable point selected for this publication and the well-known ability of the Editor must ensure the success of the new enterprise. We would suppose that there were too many monthlies and literary weeklies at the South, did we not know the fact that the South gives *fifty-fold* more patronage to Northern publications than to her own. We need many more literary periodicals, and all can be well supported, if the South is true to herself.